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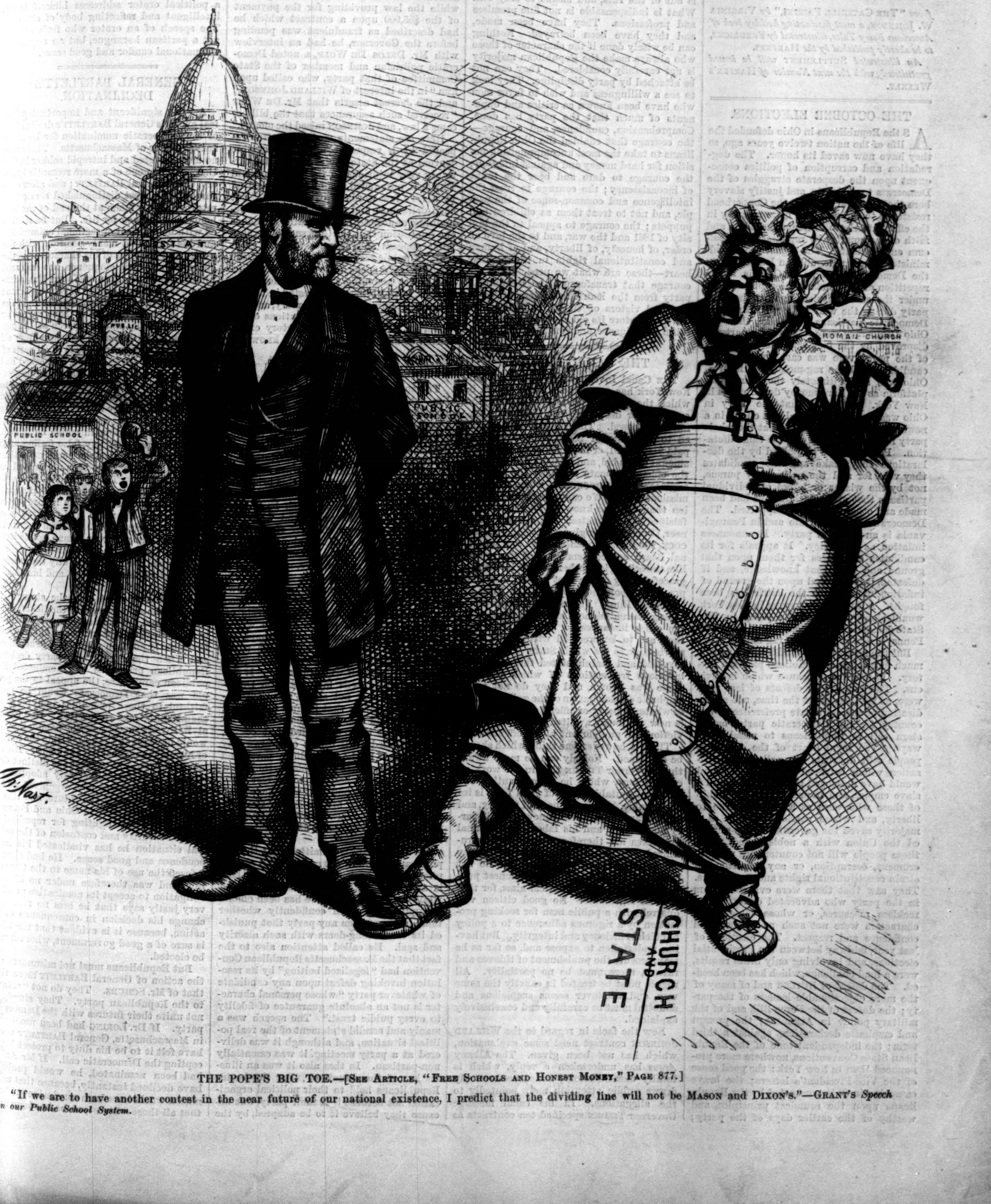
PUBLIC SCHOOL
PUBLIC SCHOOL
ROMAN CHURCH
CHURCH AND STATE
Th. Nast

THE POPE'S BIG TOE.—[SEE ARTICLE, "FREE SCHOOLS AND HONEST MONEY," PAGE 877.]

"If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be MASON AND DIXON'S."—GRANT'S *Speech on our Public School System.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

☞ *The beautifully* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains, besides other interesting matter, a very attractive Fairy Story, entitled*

"THE DOVE MAIDEN,"

from "THE CATSKILL FAIRIES," *by* VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON, *a most fascinating holiday book of American Fairy Tales, illustrated by* FREDRICKS, *to be shortly published by the* HARPERS.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

AS the Republicans in Ohio defended the life of the nation twelve years ago, so they have now saved its honor. The degradation and corruption of politics consequent upon the desperate struggles of the Democrats to maintain and justify slavery bore their natural fruits in the Copperhead resistance to the war, and more recently in the effort utterly to dishonor the name and faith of the country by repudiating its solemn engagements. The signal rebuke administered under Republican leadership to the Democratic designs in Ohio is but a repetition of the condemnation pronounced under the same auspices against the same party during the war. The pitiful plea of Democratic partisans elsewhere, that the Ohio Democracy were false to the party, is disproved by the fact that the great mass of the party vote was cast for the party candidate, and the rag-money platform in Ohio was as legitimately the Democratic platform as the hard-money declarations in New York. To assert that the party in Ohio was under the control of a clique in a newspaper office is to allege that the whole party in the State is under the same dictation. Parties are to be judged by the declarations they make and the candidates they vote for and the policy they pursue, not by the wishes or hopes of individual partisans that other declarations had been made and other candidates supported. The Democratic party in Ohio and in Pennsylvania is an inflation party. It announces inflation as its policy. It appeals for its candidates and votes for them upon that ground and with that knowledge, and if defeated, it is defeated upon the ground of inflation, upon which the battle has been fought. A Democratic success in New York would show only that the party in this State demands honest money, as in Ohio and Pennsylvania it demanded rag money.

But the result in Ohio and in Iowa is very much more than a Republican partisan victory. It has a significance which is obvious. The Republican defeats of last year were, as we insisted at the time, not an indication of the deliberate preference of the country for the Democratic party, but a stern call to Republicans to mend their ways. The loyal heart of the American people still distrusts the political organization which betrayed human rights, and would have destroyed the Union to found a slave empire, and it prefers the leadership of those who were as a minority true to liberty, and whose patriotic fidelity as a majority saved the government and renewed the Union with a nobler bond. But those people will not countenance misgovernment, corruption, or any tendency to strain constitutional rights and guarantees. They saw that there were evil counselors in the party who advocated doubtful and reckless measures, or whose careers and characters were not such as to command confidence and respect. The elections of last year, midway between the Presidential elections, and involving only State results, were a loud challenge, which has been heeded. The defeat of BUTLER and of many of the more objectionable leaders of the party; the defeat of the Force Bill, and of the military policy in Arkansas; the prompt and emphatic declarations against a third term; the independent tone of the Republican State Conventions, nowhere more pronounced than in New York; the good sense of the Vice-President's letters; the brave campaign in Ohio, conducted by the Republicans upon the soundest principles, and worthy of the earlier days of the party; the great success worthily crowning the great struggle, and the large and decisive majority in Iowa—are all indications that the challenge has been heard and heeded, that the true principles and true leadership of the party are in the ascendant, and that those who have been always glad and proud to support the Republican as the party of patriotic government find that they can do so in some quarters with the old faith and enthusiasm.

The duty, therefore, which the triumphant elections of October cast upon the Republicans is plain and imperious. There must be no reposing upon laurels, no step backward, no idea that the result shows that the party may safely run in the old ruts. There could be no more fatal delusion. Republican discontent is not to be remedied by a few successes. It can be removed and changed into confidence and universal triumph by one course only, and that is the most indisputable evidence that the party is out of the ruts, and means to stay out. What is indispensable is not fine promises and professions. They have been made, and they have been betrayed. Nothing can be wisely done if the character of those who always make the Republican majority is not carefully considered. They can not be attached by party discipline. They look to see a willingness and wish to favor men who have been known as critics and opponents of much that the party has done. Comprehension, confidence, and courage—the courage that enabled the Ohio Republicans to take the most uncompromising position for hard money and against inflation; the courage to dare and bear the taunt of inconsistency; the courage to trust the intelligence and common-sense of the people, and not to treat them as children and puppets; the courage to appeal to the loyalty of 1861 and the war, and to the love of order, of honesty, of liberty, and of human and constitutional rights in the popular heart—these are what we need. It is the courage that transformed the Republican party from the lean Free-soilers of '48 to the glad victors of '60, '64, and '68, which can now restore its old ascendency of patriotism, intelligence, and constitutional vigor.

THE CANAL FRAUDS.

THE Canal Investigating Commission in New York has presented a sixth report, in which the frauds of H. D. DENISON in the contract for deepening the Champlain Canal are exposed. The contract was awarded to DENISON for $9290 50, and he was paid $146,316 01, or nearly sixteen times the amount of his bid, and $120,511 01 more than the official estimate made by the division engineer, E. H. CROCKER, of whom the Commissioners say, "We can form no other opinion than that he knowingly and willfully falsified his estimates." The State Engineer, the resident engineer, STEPHEN G. BABCOCK, the Canal Commissioners, and the Canal Board are condemned, and the report, like the others, is another chapter in the disgraceful story of the vast system of frauds practiced upon the people of New York by the Canal Ring. The work of the Investigating Commissioners seems in this, as in the other instances, to be well done, and they are to be credited with labors most serviceable to the whole State. They have revealed and plainly stated the details of infamous transactions of which the fact alone was known, and they do not spare emphatic condemnation of the guilty agents, of whatever party or official station. What is now anxiously awaited is the legal conviction and punishment of the offenders.

There is, however, one thing which should be explained. Nobody can be more aware than Governor TILDEN that in the work of canal reform which he is prosecuting the most indisputable proof of good faith is indispensable. He is the head of a party, and an aspirant for the Presidency upon his party nomination, and his labors in the canal exposures are therefore most closely scrutinized. He must be able to show that they are entirely above suspicion. We do not mean that he should not make honest public service assist his political aims, for that is most legitimate. No good citizen will quarrel with a public man for seeking promotion by a rigorous adherence to a policy of official efficiency and integrity. But having undertaken to expose and, so far as he may, procure the punishment of thieves and rascals, there must be no partiality. All rogues must be treated in exactly the same way, and whatever seems suspicious and doubtful must be carefully and conclusively explained.

Now the facts in regard to the WILLARD JOHNSON contract need some explanation, which has not been given. The Albany *Argus* has undertaken a reply, which is totally unsatisfactory, and therefore only draws public attention more pointedly to the allegations. In his canal message Governor TILDEN specified ten contracts as fraudulent. The second and third upon his list were held by WILLARD JOHNSON. A law passed on the 12th of May provided for the payment of some $55,000 upon the first of these contracts, number two upon the list, which the Governor had already described as fraudulent, and he permitted it to become a law. The Commission has failed to report upon this contract number two, although it has reported upon those immediately before and after it upon the list. All the proceedings, including the report in the preceding case of DENISON, were taken within a week or two, including the arrest and bail. But while no report on the first WILLARD JOHNSON contract has been made, that upon the second was made on the 25th of August, and no suit has yet been begun, no property attached, no arrest made, no bail required, no proceedings whatever have been taken. This is the assertion of the Albany *Evening Journal*, which follows this matter very closely. That paper then states as a fact within the editor's knowledge that, while the law providing for the payment of the $55,000 upon a contract which he had described as fraudulent was pending before the Governor, he had an interview with Mr. DELOS DE WOLF, a noted Democratic politician and member of the State Committee of that party, who called upon him "in the interest of WILLARD JOHNSON," and the *Journal* asserts that Mr. DE WOLF "received such assurances that the bill became a law, and JOHNSON raised the money."

Here are statements made and often repeated by a respectable and responsible journal at the State capital which are certainly very injurious to the Governor, and which, if unfounded, could be disposed of by a very few words of explanation. But such deliberate and detailed assertions remaining unnoticed can not fail to produce the impression that the Governor is turning what appears and assumes to be a great work of public reform to a strictly partisan purpose. We speak of it not as Republicans, nor as assuming the insinuation to be correct, but as citizens interested in the exposure and punishment of knavery, and sincerely crediting the good intentions of the Governor. Should any satisfactory explanation be made, our readers shall know it.

THE KEY-NOTE.

THE speech of the Hon. RICHARD H. DANA, Jun., who presided at the Faneuil Hall Republican ratification meeting, in Boston, is a most apt and admirable illustration of the spirit which is resuming control of the Republican party, and which commends it to the sympathy and support of patriotic men every where. Mr. DANA is always brilliant, incisive, and eloquent, but in this brief and forcible address he shows the independence, courage, and good sense which have been characteristic of the party, and which no other party has ever shown. He did not hesitate to speak with a plainness that is refreshing of Republican measures and policies that he did not approve, and this to a meeting of enthusiastic Republicans. He said that he thought in some cases the powers of the national government have been unnecessarily strained in the interests of freedom. But this policy, due to wrong counsels both in Congress and perhaps the cabinet, has been reformed by the party itself, which "has shown a remarkable power of righting itself when in error." If any man, he added, tells him that the Democratic party will not strain the Constitution, he remembers that it once did so, and for a very bad cause; and he does not remember that it ever rectified that course, but continued until it was overthrown by the people. If the Republican party and Administration have been misled, they show that they do not hesitate to correct their course when they find that they have been deceived, and they are to-day, in the consciousness of intelligent men, as safe a custodian of the government as we can expect to have.

Mr. DANA frankly admitted that the Republican party had not carried civil service reform. But he sententiously asked, "Had it any Democratic aid in doing it?" and while conceding that there has been official corruption, he asked confidently whether there had ever been any party that punished its own wrong-doers with such alacrity and zeal. He called attention also to the fact that the Massachusetts Republican Convention had "legalized bolting" by its resolution invoking defeat upon any candidate of whatever party "whose personal character is not an absolute guarantee of fidelity to every public trust." The speech was a manly and candid statement of the real political situation, and although it was delivered at a party meeting, it was essentially non-partisan. In that also it was an illustration of the situation. For the better Republicans hold to their political organization not because it is their party, but because they believe it to be adapted, by the general character, intelligence, purposes, traditions, and political principles of those who compose it, to secure the great ends which every good citizen has at heart.

Mr. DANA, in concluding his speech, said, with great significance:

> "Now, fellow-citizens, we have got to meet the great national election. In six months from to-day the Republican party nominates a President and a Vice-President. It is not the reins and the whip, but it is the driver, that determines the course of the carriage. More now depends upon men than on any resolves or any platforms. If the Republican party in the spring of 1876 puts forward to this country a man—certainly there are such men to be found—of civil and political experience, capable of entertaining civil and political ideas, who will devote his heart and soul to the business of being President, who will look to history and the sober second thoughts of men for his vindication, whose character gives a guarantee for an honest and noble performance of his duties, and an adherence to principles which I believe now no man condemns, we can go to the American people with the utmost confidence."

Mr. DANA spoke in a tone which is most encouraging, because it shows a profound consciousness that the great public to whom a political orator addresses himself is an intelligent and reflecting body of citizens. The speech of an orator who feels this, is not a partisan harangue, but an appeal to the national candor and good sense.

GENERAL BARTLETT'S DECLINATION.

A VERY significant and important political event is General BARTLETT'S declination of the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. There was no more devoted and intrepid soldier in the Union army, none of a more romantic bravery, than General BARTLETT; and after continuous and most distinguished service, he returned to his home at the end of the war honorably maimed for life. But he returned with no political or sectional animosities, and his frank and manly position, with the purity and loftiness of his character and the charm of chivalric eloquence, has endeared him to the warm heart of Young Massachusetts. He has become the most conspicuous representative in the Northern States of the policy of reconciliation without surrender of any principle, and his speech at Lexington met an enthusiastic response from all patriotic and generous hearts in all parts of the country. He is, indeed, so marked and important a figure in his State that his nomination by the Democrats was considered to be the crowning proof of their regeneration and the sure augury of their success. The office to which he was nominated was no test of the estimation in which he is held, nor is he capable of any false feeling upon such a point. Indeed, he could more than once undoubtedly have been designated for the chief place. The method of his nomination, also, was most gratifying. His character and services are made a part of the platform, and his name was received with tumults of acclamation. General BARTLETT is too just and generous a man not to have felt deeply the worth of such a tribute. He has weighed long and carefully the reasons for accepting and declining, and has finally declined.

His name was not only the strength, it was also the significance, of the ticket. The platform and the nominations were virtually an abdication and surrender of the whole Democratic position of the last generation; and when the Democratic party declared Republican principles and nominated Republican candidates, the appeal to the people was that Democrats would be more faithful to those principles and purposes than Republicans themselves. Had General BARTLETT accepted the nomination, he would have given to this position the weight of his name and peculiar influence. His acceptance would have been the distinct declaration that he deliberately adopted the Democratic party, as now organized, as the party of reform and the future, and this in face of the fact that in Ohio and Pennsylvania they were fighting for repudiation. In the obscurity and confusion of the political situation he has vindicated his independence and good sense. He had already refused the use of his name to the Convention, and was therefore under no kind of obligation to accept its nomination; and he very justly says that he sees no reason to change his decision in consequence of its action, because it is evident that the State is sure of a good government, whoever may be elected.

But Republicans must not misunderstand the action of General BARTLETT more than that of Mr. SCHURZ. They do not "return" to the Republican party. They simply do not unite their futures with the Democratic party. If Dr. LORING had been nominated in Massachusetts, General BARTLETT might have felt it to be his duty to protest by accepting the Democratic call. If Mr. ADAMS had been nominated, he would probably have declined instantly, because that nomination would have been conclusive evidence that all those who see, as he has long seen, dangerous tendencies in the Republican party might feel that the patriotic good sense of the party had also seen and escaped them. But the emphatic voice for Mr. Adams and the final selection of a candidate so unexceptionable as Mr. Rice show that the Republican party is rapidly becoming the organization which will presently embrace all those patriotic citizens who are resolved that there must be great administrative reforms and a political revival, but who feel that it is not wise to confide the government to the Democratic party with its old organization and leaders. It is not a merit to have defended slavery, to have palliated secession, to have obstructed the Lincoln administration, to have opposed emancipation, and to have prolonged the war. The men and the party responsible for these things a dozen years ago are not the men and the party for the new era which the war began, unless, among the stanch and faithful friends of the war, capacity, honesty, and patriotism are not to be found. We understand General Bartlett's declination to mean that he still waits to see whether the Republicans will take the position toward which they are now moving, and which is the sole security of their success next year.

A SHAMEFUL BUSINESS.

The testimony of Mr. Cheever in the case of Henry Clews & Co. is certainly most unpleasant reading, and reveals the most shameful proceedings. For many years the house of Baring, one of the few most eminent banking houses in the world, had been the financial agent of the United States in Europe. But four or five years ago, without any pretense that the business confided to the Barings had been negligently or extravagantly or unsatisfactorily performed, they were dismissed as the foreign agents of the government, and the house of Mr. Henry Clews substituted. Two years ago that house failed disastrously, and now upon some suit brought by creditors the secret history of its selection is laid bare. There was a ring composed of the house and certain lobbyists to procure the appointment, and an agreement of a division of the profits that might arise. There is a strong implication that the lobby used illicit influences, and the name of Louis Dent, a brother-in-law of the President, is mentioned as one of those who was to receive money, and presumably for his influence with the President. There is not the slightest evidence, however, that he had such influence or attempted to exercise it, or that the President was aware of the conspiracy. Of course those whose business and delight are to insinuate slanders against him shrug their shoulders and roll their eyes with all the sincere horror of the excellent Mr. Joseph Surface. But the most desperate malice, on this as on all similar occasions, fails to tarnish the personal character of the President.

The shameful fact, however, remains that, according to Mr. Cheever's testimony, there was this wretched combination to secure the appointment of Mr. Clews as fiscal agent of the government. Thus far no names of importance, except that of Mr. Dent, have been mentioned. But it is an interior glimpse almost as odious as those that were familiar under the Democratic administrations. The story shows that such incidents as the substitution in such a post of a new and unknown house for so old and honorable and eminent a firm as that of the Barings are presumptively grave errors, and although all the facts may not be precisely known at the time, such acts should be peremptorily challenged and criticised until they are satisfactorily explained. We regret that this change was made under a Republican Administration, because, although no improper motives have been shown upon the part of any executive officer, all the discredit of the affair inevitably falls upon the Republican name, just as the ill humor arising from hard times is always visited upon the party in power.

TWEED AND JUSTICE.

Every citizen of New York and of the country who wishes that the courts of law may be tribunals of justice, and not arenas for the defeat and delay of justice by palpable quibbles and evasions, will have seen with great satisfaction the order of the General Term of the Supreme Court vacating the order of Judge Donohue for a bill of particulars in the Tweed case. It has seemed to very many people that Mr. Nast's striking cartoon of Justice helplessly bound in the anaconda folds of red tape was but a simple picture of the truth, and that money and legal ingenuity combined could certainly outwit justice. The *Evening Post* has had some excellent and pertinent remarks upon the duties of lawyers as citizens as well as professional men. And it is certainly creditable to the community that the lawyers who have spared no effort to defraud justice in the case of Tweed have suffered a loss of personal reputation for which no amount of money paid to them from his thefts can atone.

That he should have a perfectly fair trial, and that neither the law nor its practice should be wrested or strained against him, was the wish of all honest men, as it would have been in the case of Wilkes Booth had he been arrested after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. But that is all. The attempt to defeat justice in that case by persistent and elaborate quibbling would have been resented as an offense against public morality. And such is the feeling toward the lawyers who have so exhausted all legal devices to prevent justice to Tweed. They can not say that their sole object is to make sure that he shall be tried and punished only according to law. For the due and honorable course of law toward a conceded thief does not require every kind of dilatory pleading and technical motion and evasion. It can not be said that justice is denied to Tweed merely because the court refuses to tolerate vexatious delay, and it is the Supreme Bench overruling the dilatory motions, and not the counsel making them, that seeks prompt justice.

The court says: "The public interests and, we think, the true interests of the defendant require that the war of skirmishes should terminate in a decisive trial of the merits......It is time to stop this condition of things." It therefore gave Tweed's counsel leave to answer within seven days. They will then appeal to the highest court, if it be possible, and the eyes of the State will be once more turned upon that tribunal. If no appeal is made, the trial will proceed upon the merits, and we may hope to see justice at last triumphant in New York. Meanwhile it is edifying to see many of the familiar minions and lackeys of Tweed, when he was in power, loftily commending the reforms of the Democratic party, and denouncing Republican rascality with sonorous zeal.

TAMMANY AND "REFORM."

Those who are familiar with the manner in which Democratic nominations are made in the city of New York know that they are in no sense, except the form of delegations and of a convention, the action of those who compose the party. Mr. John Kelly's agents manage the primaries, and if any man or district is recalcitrant, he or it is simply outlawed by Mr. Kelly in Tammany Hall. When Mr. Kelly's agents meet in Tammany Hall, they do what Mr. Kelly has arranged to have done. The Tammany judiciary nominations were already made by Mr. Kelly when his agents assembled, and they represent simply the persons whom Mr. Kelly wishes to fill the various offices. The point of pure comedy in the proceedings was Mr. Kelly's speech in favor of the popular election of judges. The power of appointment, he thought, might be abused to personal and partisan ends. But if a Governor responsible to the people can not be trusted with such a power, why should it be confided to a Mr. John Kelly, responsible to nobody? When Mr. Kelly had finished his remarks upon the danger of appointing judges, the names of the men whom he had appointed were read to his agents, who hurraed, and ratified Mr. Kelly's decree. His candidates were all at hand, and were immediately presented to the assembly as the men of their choice; and the candidates, entering into the joke, ardently thanked the delegates instead of Mr. John Kelly.

It is an amusing farce and a ludicrous parody of popular government. Mr. Kelly rules in Tammany as absolutely as Tweed ruled. We are far from saying that he does not select better officers for the city than unassisted Mackerelville and Avenue B would select. But the claims of Tammany to reform and good government are illustrated by its declaration in regard to the payment of the laborers at a rate higher than that of the market, and by its rejection of Mr. Hackett for the Recordership, although he has been a fearless and upright judge, and has refused to prostitute the bench to the demands of party patronage. The city of New York, in which, by reason of the large Irish Catholic vote, the Democratic party is always dominant, is now, as it has long been, the point at which the real significance, purpose, and methods of Democratic ascendency can best be studied. If any real reform can be pointed out there as the actual work of Tammany Hall, or if in the composition and conduct of the party in the city the evidence of honesty and intelligent desire for pure government can be found, which is the spring of all reform, or if among its ward and local leaders and orators those who by any stretch of words can be called reformers are conspicuous, the Democratic party may perhaps claim to be the friend of progress and reform. The party in the city of New York has never been more felicitously described than by its last candidate for the Presidency, in a series of articles founded upon intimate knowledge, and extending over many years, from which we wove a posy that we offered to the consideration of the Democratic Convention that nominated him.

The Republicans in the city are often called as bad as the Democrats, and we are told that there is no choice between them. But when the Republicans absolutely control the city, as the Democrats do, it will be possible to determine whether they are better or not, but not until then. To say that certain Republican politicians are no honester than certain Democratic politicians is a pointless assertion. The fact is that under unquestioned Democratic ascendency the city became the despair of all friends of free institutions and popular government, and it was saved from anarchy or civil war only by a general rising of the honorable and loyal men of all parties. Whatever may be true of Republican short-comings, the facts of Democratic rule in the city of New York are visible to all men, and it is not to such a party—which has become simply one man—that honest men can look for reform. Last year the "reform" Tammany chief offered Mr. Jimmy Hayes as his candidate for Register, which was understood to be the price paid by Tammany purity and reform for a certain vote. This year he rejects a judge who is known to the city as the terror of evil-doers because he was *ex officio* a member of the Tweed Board of Supervisors, although the investigations did not implicate him in their offenses. Mr. Hackett was the Tammany magistrate in the city in whom there was universal confidence, and the manly intrepidity of his refusal to allow an insolent meddling with his authority by the Tammany "reformers" has not lost him the regard of the public. He and Mr. Phelps have been nominated by the Republicans for Recorder and District Attorney. Mr. Olney, the Tammany candidate for the latter post, is a gentleman of high character and legal position, but we know no reason that he should be preferred to an excellent officer like Mr. Phelps.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. M'Laren, bishop elect of Illinois, will be the first newspaper man who has been chosen to the American episcopate. It is only a few years since he was editor of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, one of the leading journals of Ohio, and a good editor too. Every body speaks well of him. Bishop M'Coskry, of Michigan, who is next in rank to the presiding bishop (Smith, of Kentucky) of the Episcopal Church, says: "I consider him to be an admirable scholar, a sound and thorough High-Churchman of the best stamp, free from ultraism of all kinds. I never knew him to be carried away with the novelties of the 'advanced school,' but in all respects uniform, sound, and practical in his teachings. He has a good knowledge of the world, admirable executive abilities, and, I think, will make one of the most useful bishops of the Church."

—Mr. William Hegeman, who died suddenly in this city a few days ago, was a gentleman very highly esteemed not only in the immediate business circle where he was prominent, but among gentlemen of culture in various walks of life. He found time to cultivate a taste for science, literature, and the arts; was a member of the Century Club (of literati); could not only criticise painting, but paint a remarkably good picture himself; and was not only a delicate judge of fine music, but played skillfully on several musical instruments. With all these varied accomplishments, and a genial vein of humor that made him a popular companion, there seems to have been nothing frivolous in his disposition. He was active in scientific inquiries, and as president of the College of Pharmacy for many years worked ably to give dignity to his business.

—New Yorkers may mention with complacency the fact that Messrs. Tiffany & Co. sent to Vienna, on the 9th of October, a dessert service of seventy-two pieces, made upon the order of Count Napesa for presentation to the Empress of Austria, the first instance of the kind in the history of American workers in silver.

—Mr. Wendell Phillips says that Horace Greeley once told a lecture committee who paid him in Western bills that, if convenient, he would prefer to have a well-executed counterfeit on some good Eastern bank.

—Booksellers, as a rule, have never been noted for success as first-class operatic artists, yet there is hope in that direction. Herr Müller, one of the fraternity in Berlin, who has had much praise as a concert singer, has been engaged for the Royal Opera at Berlin, and will soon make his first appearance as Florestan in *Fidelio*.

—Mr. J. W. F. Hobbs remembers the old town where his boyhood was passed, Northampton, Massachusetts, and has given it $10,000 for a school-house. Not many years ago he borrowed money to start a line of omnibuses in Boston, driving one himself, and now he is worth a million in "grand cash." He wasn't "*falsus in uno*," and consequently was not "*falsus in omnibus*."

—Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who died in Virginia on the 7th of October, at the age of eighty-four, was the grandson and literary executor of Thomas Jefferson. He had been selected by the Centennial Executive Committee to read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July next at the Centennial opening. Mr. Randolph's early years were passed at Monticello with his grandfather, who superintended his education. He used to talk very delightfully of Jefferson's private and public life. In 1829 he published the *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson*, in four volumes, and he served several terms in the House of Delegates between 1832 and 1838. He was a member of the Convention which in 1851-52 revised the Constitution of the State, and was once afterward in the Legislature. His last appearance in public position was at the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore which nominated Greeley for President, when he was made temporary chairman, and by his venerable and dignified appearance commanded more than ordinary respect and attention.

—John Quincy Adams and Robert Barnwell Rhett were cousins. The Rhetts of South Carolina having become extinct, their relations, the Smiths of Beaufort, took the name of Rhett in 1836. Their cousin, Abigail Smith, of North Carolina, married John Adams, and was the mother of John Quincy Adams. The partisan acrimony of these two men was so intensely bitter that in 1833, when the South Carolina nullifying Convention was debating the policy of accepting the compromise bill just passed by Congress and favored by Calhoun, Robert Barnwell Rhett said that "before accepting that compromise he would be shattered into bloody fragments on the battle-field!" And John Quincy Adams, in a letter to some old woman in Massachusetts named Thaxter, in 1844, asserted "that slavery should be abolished if it cost the lives of 500,000 men."

—The Earl of Dunraven arrived in this city a few days since *en route* for the far West, where he has lands and many cattle. He has left in the hands of Chatto & Windus, London, for immediate publication, an account of his previous travels in the Upper Yellowstone and Geyser districts. It will be very copiously illustrated by drawings made by Mr. Valentine Bromley, who accompanied the earl.

—Colonel Forney comes to the rescue of his countrymen so far as the nasal peculiarity is concerned. He writes from London in this wise: "Let me admit at the start that there is nothing more delightful than the conversation of an educated Englishman or Englishwoman; but the moment you pass from their circle you are assailed at every quarter by a mingling of dialects, and in many cases a most incomprehensible jargon. I often find it difficult to understand an English clergyman, and it is the common remark of Americans who visit the theatres that they lose a large portion of the play in consequence of the rapid and indistinct enunciation of actors in subordinate parts. The same observation may be made with justice of most of the speakers in the House of Commons. Take out Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and a few more, and it is next to impossible to comprehend what nearly all the others say."

—The last London *World* contains a "personal" of Mr. Russell, the famous correspondent of the London *Times*: "The friend of princes and sovereigns and great men of all nations, Mr. Russell has naturally told us something about the manners and dispositions of the potentates whom he has met and whose associate he has been. The intimate of Clyde, the honored guest of Lincoln, Seward, and Scott, openly received with hospitality by the Emperor of Austria and his family during the Austrian war of 1866, attached to the staff of the Crown Prince of Prussia during the Franco-Prussian struggle of 1870-71, and one of the chosen companions of royalty in England, Mr. Russell has been accused of infusing too strong an element of personal compliment—now trenching on sycophancy, now approaching the confines of inferential self-inflation—into his narratives of the alarms of war, the achievements of peace, and the great spectacles of public pomp. In the past he has done this to no greater extent than was perhaps necessary in the interests of a public which devours with peculiar avidity the most minutely detailed narratives of those who are high in place and illustrious by birth or title. If he is proud of the exceptional honor he has received from monarchs, their counselors, their sons, and their daughters, it might be urged in explanation that Mr. Russell is the only journalist of his time who has received any such attention."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

State elections were held in Ohio, Iowa, and Nebraska on the 12th, resulting in Republican victories. The majority in Ohio is estimated at 5000. The majority in Iowa was over 30,000, with large gains in the Legislature; twenty-five out of thirty of the new Senators are Republicans, and at least seventy-five members of the House. Nebraska was carried by about 10,000 majority, and the new Constitution was adopted.

Italy has decided to send a royal commissioner to the American Centennial at Philadelphia. The Pope will send two mosaics, representing the Madonna by Raphael and St. Agnes by Gentili.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Berlin dispatch to the London *Pall Mall Gazette* says that, under the pressure of the great powers, Turkey is diminishing her concentration of troops on the Servian frontier, and Servia is demobilizing her forces. It is officially reported from Constantinople that a force of 2000 insurgents has been defeated by the Turks; 160 were killed; the rest took refuge in Montenegro. Seventeen villages, hitherto strongly insurgent, have submitted to the Turkish authority.

The recent difficulty between England and China has been settled. Mr. Wade, the British minister, telegraphs from Pekin, October 7, stating that he has received satisfactory guarantees.

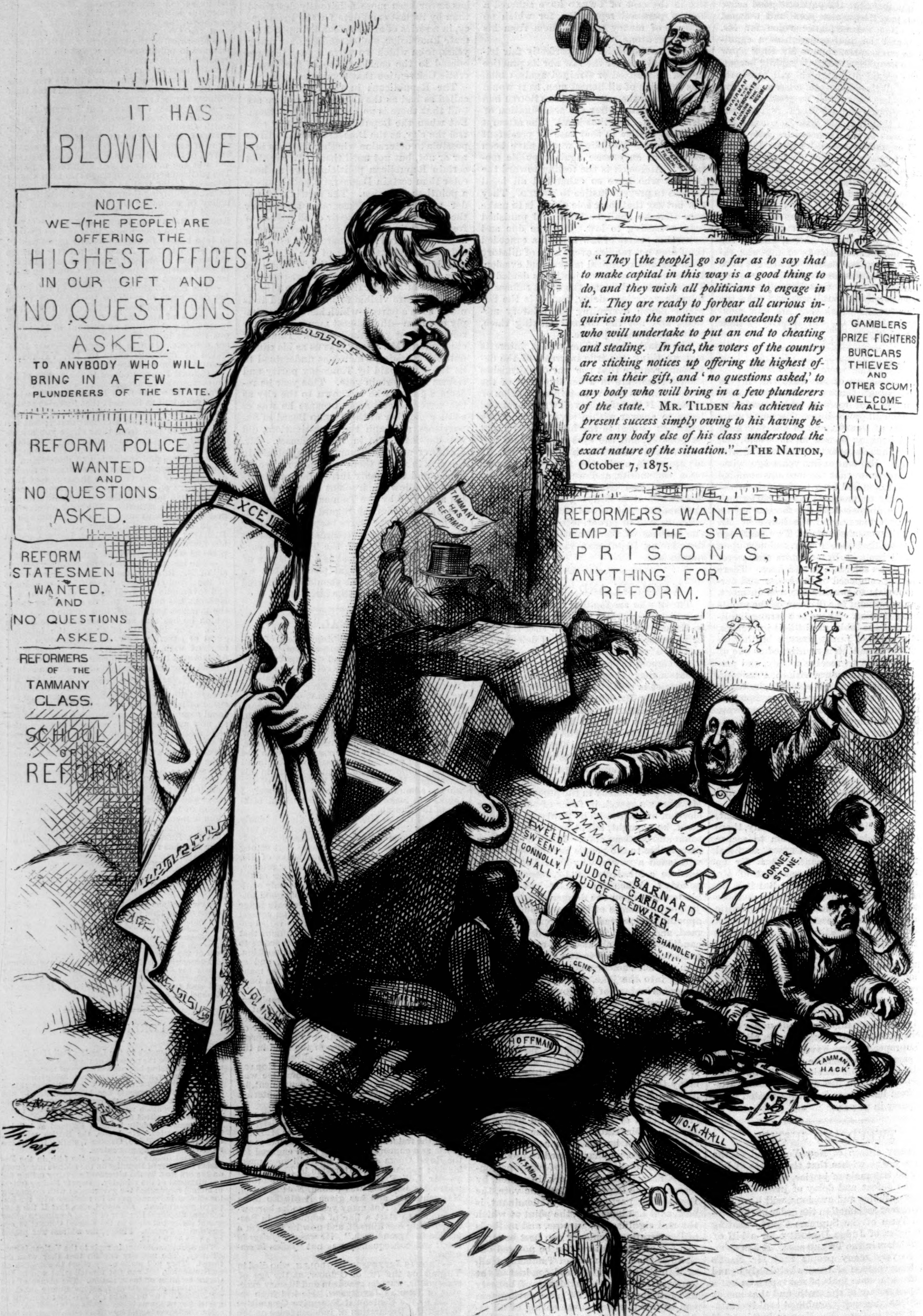
A violent debate occurred, on the 14th, in the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies on the address introduced on the 8th inst. by the ultramontane party calling for the dismissal of the ministry. Deputy Freitag (ultramontane) reproached the government with displaying insufficient independence in its relations with the Imperial government. He stated, also, that if the government displayed less fear of being domineered, they would easily find allies in the Federal Council in opposition to Prussia. Finally, the address was passed by a vote of 79 to 76.

The Spanish note sent in reply to the Vatican is conciliatory. The ministry explain that they were defeated. They will make every effort to establish an understanding, but can not foretell what will be the Cortes solution of the question. The clause of the Constitution establishing religious liberty must be maintained. The note asks the Vatican to consent to a settlement upon as broad a basis as is possible.

Mr. Gladstone is said by the London *World* to have assured his family that he will never resume the Liberal leadership.

Jean Baptiste Carpeaux, the French sculptor, died in Paris on the 13th.

Reports from India state that 20,000 persons have been rendered homeless by the floods in the neighborhood of Ahmedabad, in the province of Guzerat.


IT HAS BLOWN OVER.
NOTICE. WE—(THE PEOPLE) ARE OFFERING THE HIGHEST OFFICES IN OUR GIFT AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED. TO ANYBODY WHO WILL BRING IN A FEW PLUNDERERS OF THE STATE.
A REFORM POLICE WANTED AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED.
REFORM STATESMEN WANTED. AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED.
REFORMERS OF THE TAMMANY CLASS.
SCHOOL OF REFORM
N.Y.
EXCEL
TAMMANY HAS REFORMED
REFORM
SPEECHES TILDEN.
CHAIRMAN OF THE N.Y. DEMOCRATS DURING THE TAMMANY REGIME.
GAMBLERS PRIZE FIGHTERS BURGLARS THIEVES AND OTHER SCUM! WELCOME ALL.
NO QUESTIONS ASKED
REFORMERS WANTED, EMPTY THE STATE PRISONS, ANYTHING FOR REFORM.
SCHOOL OF REFORM CORNER STONE.
LATE TAMMANY HALL
TWEED. SWEENY. CONNOLLY. HALL
JUDGE BARNARD JUDGE CARDOZA. JUDGE LEDWITH.
SHANDLEY
GENET
HOFFMAN
N. SANDS
O.K. HALL
RUM
TAMMANY HACK
TAMMANY HALL
Th. Nast

"*They* [*the people*] *go so far as to say that to make capital in this way is a good thing to do, and they wish all politicians to engage in it. They are ready to forbear all curious inquiries into the motives or antecedents of men who will undertake to put an end to cheating and stealing. In fact, the voters of the country are sticking notices up offering the highest offices in their gift, and 'no questions asked,' to any body who will bring in a few plunderers of the state.* Mr. Tilden *has achieved his present success simply owing to his having before any body else of his class understood the exact nature of the situation.*"—The Nation, October 7, 1875.

PITIFUL REFORM.

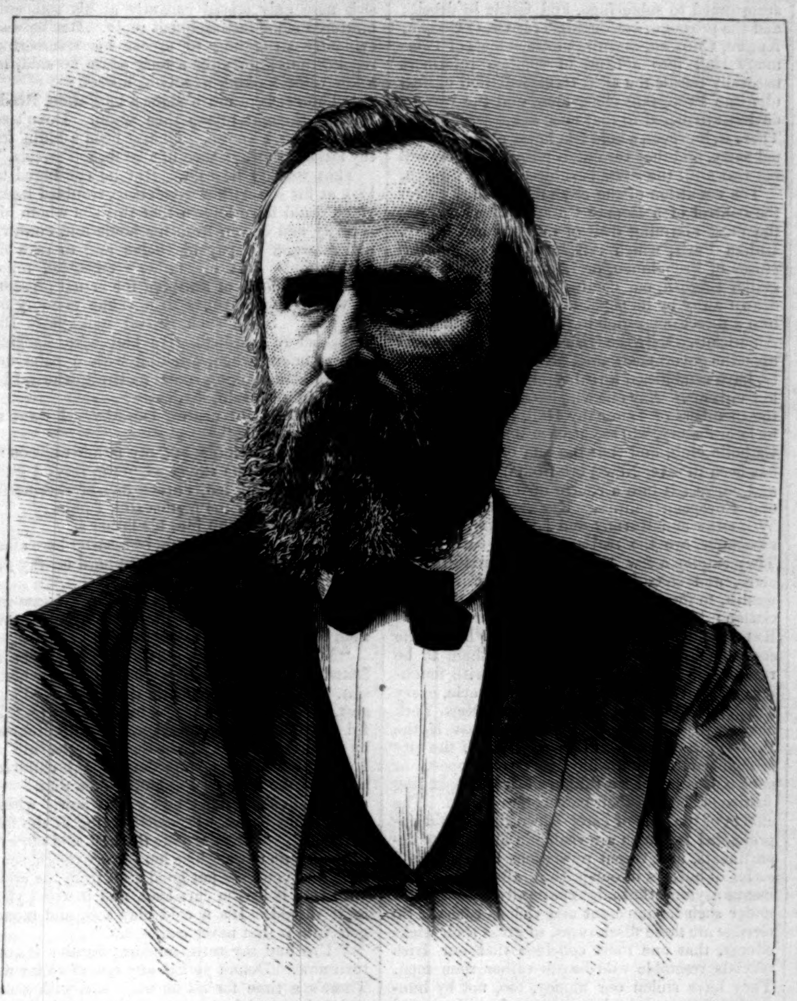
New York. "Must I look for Reform and Reformers here?"

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

For the third time the people of Ohio have elected the Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes to the Governorship of that State. Though still young, he has had a large and varied experience in public life, both military and civil. He served with distinction during the war, received rapid promotion for brilliant services, and on the conclusion of peace left the army with the rank of brigadier-general. But he was not long permitted to remain in retirement, for soon after his return from the field he was elected to Congress from the Second District of Ohio by a large majority. Before his term of service expired, in 1867, General Hayes was elected Governor of the State, and was re-elected in 1869. His opponent was Senator Thurman, the most popular Democratic leader in Ohio. The canvass was hotly contested, and the Republican majority was something less than three thousand. On his retirement from the Governor's chair General Hayes was again elected to Congress.

The Republican Convention, which met at Columbus on the 2d of June last to nominate a candidate for Governor, felt that no man was so well fitted to lead the party to victory as General Hayes; and although he expressed a strong desire to remain in private life, and urged the nomination of Judge Taft, he received, on a preliminary ballot, 400 votes out of 547. The ensuing campaign was one of intense excitement, owing to the financial, religious, and educational questions involved in the contest. The Republicans went into the contest with earnest zeal, and made a gallant and successful fight against the "rag-money" doctrines promulgated by the leaders of the Democratic party.

General Hayes is a native of Ohio. He received an excellent education, and on being admitted to the bar commenced the practice of his profession in Cincinnati. His brilliant abilities soon secured him a large and lucrative practice, which he unhesitatingly abandoned on the breaking out of the rebellion to take part in the war for the preservation of the Union.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, GOVERNOR ELECT OF OHIO.

JOHN K. HACKETT.

This gentleman, who has received the Republican and anti-Tammany nomination for re-election to the position he now occupies, that of Recorder of the city and county of New York, was born at Utica, in this State, on the 13th of February, 1821. He received a part of his education at Columbia College, and subsequently entered the New York University, where he graduated with honor in 1837. He then returned to Utica, and read law with Joshua N. Spencer, at that time one of the foremost lawyers in the State. In 1840 Mr. Hackett returned to New York city, and resumed the study of law with William M. Evarts and Prescott Hall. He was admitted to the bar in Albany, in January, 1842, and immediately commenced a successful law practice. In 1845, on motion of Daniel Webster, he was admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Court, and practiced there extensively for five years.

From 1850 to 1857 Mr. Hackett resided in California, a part of the time filling the position of Corporation Counsel of San Francisco. He returned to New York in the spring of 1857. In 1863 he was appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel under John E. Develin's administration. While occupying this position he gained prominence as an able lawyer in the various suits against the city contested by him.

In recognition of his services and ability, he received from the Board of Supervisors, in March, 1866, the position of Recorder, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the election of the Hon. John T. Hoffman to the Mayoralty of New York. In the succeeding November Recorder Hackett received the Tammany nomination for Recorder for a term of three years, to take effect from the 31st of December following, and was elected by a large majority. In the fall of 1869 he again received the Tammany nomination for Recorder for a period of six years, the term having been extended at the previous session of the Legislature. On this occasion, again, the Recorder was elected by a large majority, and on the 1st of January next he will, therefore, have completed his tenth year of judicial life.

BENJAMIN K. PHELPS.

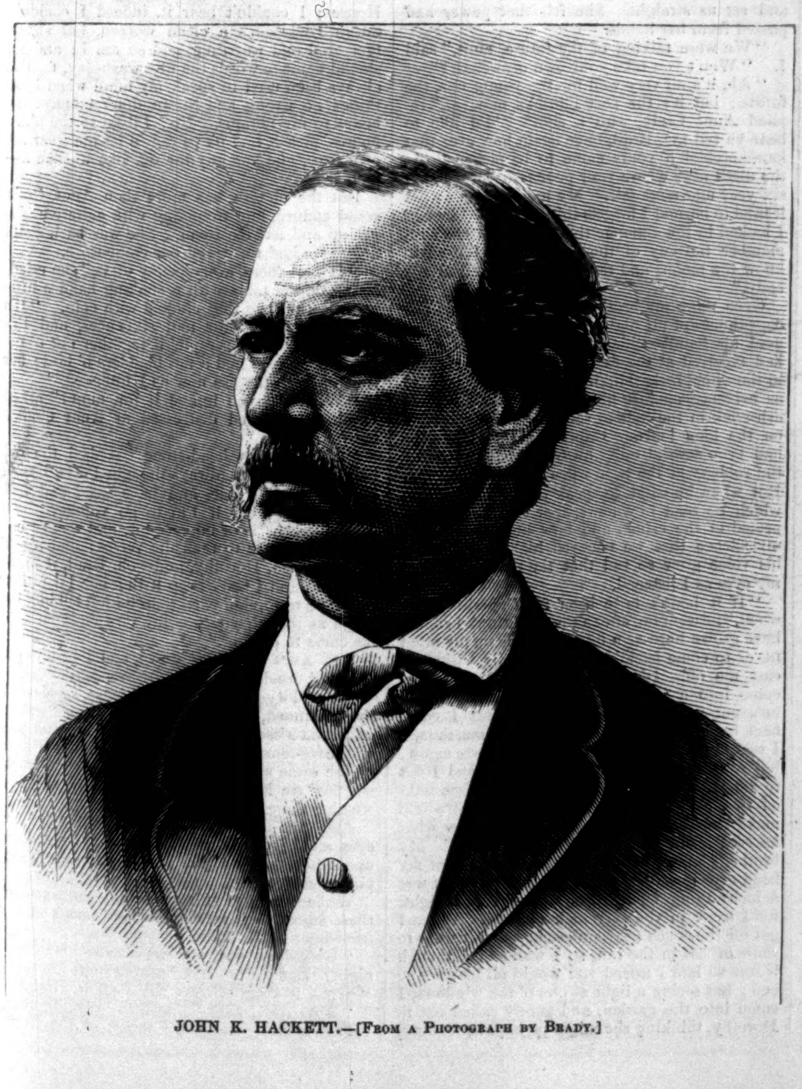
Mr. Benjamin K. Phelps, who has received the Republican and anti-Tammany nomination for District Attorney of the city and county of New York, is a native of Massachusetts. He was born at Haverhill, September 16, 1832. Mr. Phelps studied at Yale, and graduated from that college in 1853. He first studied law in New Hampshire, and afterward in Westchester County, in this State. In 1855 he was admitted to the bar at Poughkeepsie, and the following year opened an office in this city, where he has since been engaged in the active pursuit of his profession.

In 1866 Mr. Phelps entered the office of the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York as an assistant, and remained there, under District Attorneys Courtney and Pierrepont, until 1870, when he returned to private practice. While United States Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Phelps represented the government in many important litigations, and in 1869 was sent down to North Carolina to take charge of the proceedings commenced there against the steamer *Hornet* and her officers, who were charged with a violation of the neutrality laws. Mr. Phelps was elected District Attorney of the city and county of New York in the fall of 1872 by a large majority, over Charles Donohue (now judge of the Supreme Court), who was the Tammany candidate, and William C. Whitney (now Corporation Counsel), who was the Apollo Hall candidate. During his term of office Mr. Phelps has proved himself a lawyer of unquestioned ability and sound judgment. During the two years and nine months in which he has held the office of District Attorney, the number of convictions amounts to very nearly as many as those obtained in six years by his Tammany predecessors.

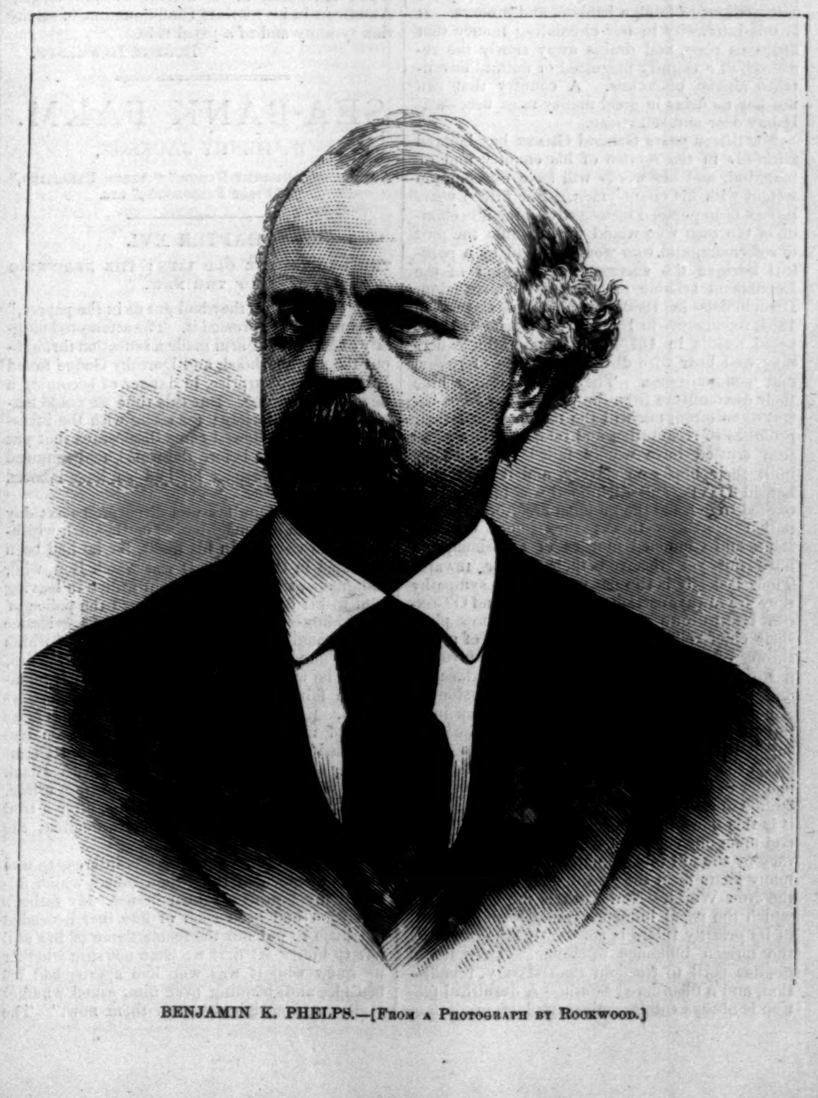
FREE SCHOOLS AND HONEST MONEY.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

The President's thoughtful and pointed words have touched the reactionary party in a vital point. Ultramontanes, Confederates, and their sympathizers are roused to an intense rage because they have been told that knowledge should be made free to all, with no sectarian restrictions, that free speech and a free press are the foundations of liberty, and that the interference of foreign rulers in our politics may prove the most pressing danger against which we have yet to guard. Bacon tells us that many men live in a visionary world from which they are unwilling to be aroused, that they hate the voice of truth because it brings them back to the reality. The rage of the opposition press springs from such a cause. They have long forgotten the interests of the people in European impulses and foreign fancies. In 1860 Seymour and Kernan, Hendricks and Allen, were vainly laboring to defend aristocracy and the slave-holders, and to subject the nation to the rule of a terrible oligarchy; in 1864 they struggled with extravagant zeal to preserve slavery and withdraw Grant from Richmond; 1868 found them laboring to repudiate the national debt; and in 1872 their chief aim seems to have been to shield the Ku-Klux from punishment, and encourage disorder at the South. In 1875 they are joined in a furious personal assault upon the President; they labor to defame the man who has saved them from themselves, and who has re-established, with the aid of the people, the government of the people. It is instructive to compare the conduct of the President and



JOHN K. HACKETT.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]



BENJAMIN K. PHELPS.—[From a Photograph by Rockwood.]

that of his calumniators. In 1861 he checked the rebellion in Kentucky and Missouri; in 1862 he broke into the revolted district and captured Fort Donelson; in 1863 he took Vicksburg, and climbed Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge; in 1864 he besieged Richmond; and in 1865, while all the Democratic leaders were clamoring for peace with the oligarchy of slavery, and submission to a fearful tyranny, while France and England joined to discourage and discountenance the reconstruction of the Union, General Grant and his faithful soldiers suppressed forever the rebellion at the South. Hendricks, Allen, Seymour, and Tilden sank into contempt with the fall of Richmond, and their European allies resigned their hope of founding empires and aristocracies upon the American continent.

England, Napoleon, and the Pope had shown so clearly their desire to interfere in our civil contest in aid of the slave-holders during all the rebellion that President Grant, in his recent speech, might well warn the American people, with Washington and Lafayette, against the danger of foreign intrigues and the necessity of perpetual vigilance; yet it is this part of his speech that seems to have aroused the bitterest anger of his assailants, and he has evidently touched a sensitive chord with the painful accuracy of truth. The priestly section of the Democratic party, its ruling element in New York, cries out in no simulated rage against the well-aimed thrust. But to return to our parallel. In 1868, when Seymour was the candidate of the New York Ring, and all the elements of disorder were gathered in the Democratic ranks, General Grant was made President, and, with the aid of wise advisers, gave peace to the nation, restored its credit from impending bankruptcy, reduced the taxes, yet continued to pay off the debt, enforced national honesty, repelled the Democratic project of repudiation, introduced economy in all the departments, repaired the ravages of warfare, and welcomed back the Southern States to their common heritage of freedom. While all the Democratic leaders had clamored for a national bankruptcy, while the embers of rebellion, stirred by their sympathy, still glowed in many disturbed districts, within four years the country had once more become united and free, prosperous and progressive, and in 1872 General Grant, with real reluctance, once more was chosen by an extraordinary majority to complete the labor he had so well begun. In the midst of a commercial revulsion which has swept over Europe and America, and the ceaseless assaults of the men whom he had conquered in 1865, and whom he has held in subjection ever since, General Grant and his Republican cabinet have pursued the plain path of honesty and real reform; have still reduced the national taxes, paid off a part of the debt; have stamped out revolution amidst the furious opposition of ultramontanes and Confederates, of Tilden, Kelly, Kernan, and Tammany Hall; have spread knowledge, encouraged industry, promise a return to a gold and silver currency, and a new era of prosperity for the nation such as it has never known before. For with the return of specie payments the wealth of the world must flow steadily to our shores. A depreciated currency has made us the prey of foreign usurers. Our gold and silver are driven away to swell the hoards of France and England; our productions are sold below their value to pay the commissions of foreign bankers and brokers. It is this inferiority in our circulating money that keeps us poor, and drains away slowly the resources of a country possessed of natural advantages almost boundless. A country that can not pay its debts in good money must necessarily buy dear and sell cheap.

For fifteen years General Grant has labored faithfully in the service of his country and of mankind, and his words will have no common weight with his countrymen. For fifteen years he has been pursued incessantly by the idle clamor of the men who would now assume the part of reformers, and who would prevent by a political intrigue the successful completion of the Republican scheme of national reconstruction. Disunionists in 1860, defenders of slavery in 1864, repudiators in 1868, revolutionists in 1872, papal agents in 1875, the Democratic leaders may well hear with dismay the voice of reason and common-sense. They can no longer hide their discomfiture from the people they have betrayed so often, nor will the nation accept their promises of recantation and reform. The allies they trusted have wholly failed them. They built their hopes on slavery, and it fell; they helped Davis, and Richmond was taken; they offered to defraud the national creditors, and the nation overthrew them; they joined the Ku-Klux and condoned murder in Louisiana, and have not yet received their proper reward. Their last ally is the papacy. Of its sympathy they are always certain, and Tilden and O'Conor, Hendricks and Allen, must now place their chief reliance upon the support of a vast throng of ultramontane voters and the favor of a Roman priest. All who hate free education and free speech, all who doubt the value of American principles, and prefer European institutions and manners, all who cling to the gross superstitions of the Middle Ages, are now ranked on the side of the Democracy, and follow the banner of Tilden and O'Conor. It is with this faction that the people must in future contend, and it is this powerful papal party, fastening its control upon our chief cities, and ruling the Democracy by the aid of Tammany Hall, that must for many years form the real danger of freedom in the New World. New York is the centre from which the papal influence radiates, and the zeal of its priestly rulers is constantly stimulated by the unseen influence of Rome. Here lies a greater peril to freedom than slavery, repudiation, and a disordered South. A Jesuitical faction is always subtle, active, resolute, unsparing, accustomed to subterfuge, and fertile in deceit; and the project of converting Tilden, O'Conor, Kelly, Croker, and the motley chiefs of Tammany Hall into a band of spotless reformers naturally recalls the swift transformation of Jesuits into Protestant clergymen, and the various devices attributed to that most acute association. There is, however, a bold frankness about this papal party, and they resolutely affirm that they will not rest until the State is subject to the Church.

The condition of the city of New York under the control of a Roman Catholic Democracy is the most alarming trait of our political future. Unlike Paris, which reflects the common impulses of Frenchmen, or London, which is altogether English, our commercial centre has been drawn away by its papal and Tammany masters into a direct opposition to the natural feelings of Americans. Here the Irish Catholics have seized upon the government, and, although in a minority, have established a real tyranny over their fellow-citizens. Any one who looks over the list of the members of Tammany Hall, or who reviews its later history, will see at once that it is an Irish Catholic club, and that the aim of all its policy has been to sever New York from its sister cities, and convert it into a centre of foreign influence and European politics. Kelly and Croker, Woltman and Reilly and Lysaght and their associates, are the real masters of New York. They employ a few Americans of doubtful character, and sometimes excessive and ill-gotten wealth, to form the nominal officials of the association; but every Democratic editor sees that Kelly and Morrissey hold in their hands the control of the party, and implores them to be reconciled, for the sake of Tilden, with touching zeal. Shameful as is the spectacle, every one knows that the Democracy of New York obeys two Catholic Irishmen, and that if the Protestant and unsectarian majority of the city are suffered to retain any rights of property or person, it is because a salutary fear of impending justice holds even their persecutors in awe. The effects of the rule of careless, worthless, and unprincipled Irishmen are visible in all our city departments, and recent revelations have shown a series of horrors in our prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums that might naturally be looked for under such incompetent and vicious rulers. So terrible are these disclosures, so gross their wickedness, that one must conclude that our Irish officials resemble wild beasts rather than men. They have stolen our money, too, not by hundreds of thousands, but scores of millions, and indeed nothing can seem more monstrous than that this Irish rule should be permitted to exist for a moment longer in the chief city of the republic. New Jersey and Ohio have thrown off their papal Democracy, and proclaimed their unfailing devotion to free schools, free speech, honest money, and perpetual peace. The Western Reserve, in unmistakable tones, has spoken the will of the nation. Can the people of the city of New York still remain the slaves of a Roman Catholic club? Shall two or three uncultivated Catholic Irishmen, gathered in a room at Tammany Hall, plunder our citizens and menace the peace of the nation at will? At the opening of the centennial year of the republic let New York, with all its varied population, stand out an American city: American not in race or lineage or nationality, but in the principles of freedom; American in its defense of knowledge; American in its resolute condemnation of sectarian tyranny and of a papal rule.

Eugene Lawrence.

SEA-BANK FARM.

By HENRY JACKSON,

Author of "Gilbert Rugge," "Argus Fairbairn," "A First Friendship," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END OF THE OLD LIFE; THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW.

So once more "they had got us in the papers," as Aunt Craik expressed it. The attempted burglary at Sea-Bank Farm made a sensation throughout the neighborhood, and Dorothy Gedge found herself, to her surprise, in danger of becoming a newspaper heroine. But this time we could better bear our notoriety; for along with the investigations that followed came disclosures that put my brother right before the world, and removed the odious suspicions he had so long labored under.

One of the burglars was discovered next day by the police in a neighboring cattle-shed, whither he had crawled in his flight, for he had been wounded in the knee. It was Black Ben, who, indignant at his comrade's cowardice in leaving him to his fate, not only informed the police of his hiding-place, but voluntarily gave evidence to the magistrates as to another crime of which Saul Thurston had been the perpetrator. Yes, it was he who had waylaid my father that memorable fair-day from which so many sorrows dated. Knowing that Mr. Gedge carried a large sum of money upon his person, Thurston had attacked him on his return home from Clambeach, and had shared the booty with Black Ben, who was his accomplice in the crime. They were both transported for life, after a trial which excited much attention throughout the county.

But these events seem of less interest to me, at this distance of time, than others which followed my brother's return home. My father's condition had been such of late that it needed but little to put out the feeble flame of life still left to him. At first we were not sure whether he knew who it was who had approached his bedside, and, bending over him, asked whether "all was not right between them now." The sick man only stared vacantly at his son, and muttered some inconsequent reply. But he was evidently struggling to arouse his slumbering recollections; for after a long pause he said, in a low voice, looking fixedly at his son:

"Thou'st kept out o' sight a long time, Brail. I never thought to see thee again. Doan't-ee speak on it; I knows. Thou'st been a-hidin' fra thy father as struck thee in Clambeach streets."

That was all he said. But he continued to look at his son with a wondering, troubled look. If he could have known that this son whom his severity had driven from his home and country had returned to pay his debts and to save us from ruin! But my father's enfeebled mind was only capable of grasping the actual present, or waking up at times to a vague memory of the past. Some such revival took place the night before he died. He had been sleeping several hours, when, awaking with a calm depression, and looking round at Brail, who sat by the bedside, he said, distinctly:

"Put the light nearer, Dorothy. I want to see the lad's face."

I moved the candle, and my father went on:

"Brail, give me thy hand. I'm sorry I gave thee a clout, my lad, t'other day at sheep-fair. Thou doan't bear me malice still, I hope?"

Brail put his hand into his father's.

"That's roight. Thou'lt be measter here afore many hours, and moan't be too hard on thy old father now."

After a short silence, during which I saw my brother's face twitch with emotion, my father went on:

"Mind, Brail, I've a good oak coffin, and that Luttrell is one o' the bearers, and has a new black suit. I allus promised him that if he lived longest." Then, after a pause, he said, slowly, "If I'd my time to come over again, I'd do different by thee, I reckon, and not deny thee learnin' as I did. I airn't done my duty by my children, nor kept the farm as I ought, I knoa that."

"Oh, Joshua, don't talk i' that how," whimpered Aunt Craik, who stood crying at the foot of the bed. "Thou'st done thy best, and none of us can do no more. The land's very rough, some of it, and you may put good stuff from the crew-yard into it by the cart-load, and it won't yield as it should. It's a cold clay soil, and money goes into it that never comes out."

"I've had my turn, anyhow, Sarah; it's his turn now. Doan't ye fret any one of ye for me. There's a time for all on us;" and with a sort of heathen stoicism my poor father turned away his head to die, saying he would like to have another little sleep. From that sleep he never awoke.

I have here reached a point in my narrative where the old life I have been attempting to describe seems to end, and from which a new life dates. But there was one special evening which always seems to me to divide these two epochs.

We sat by the fireside, my brother and I, talking of our future plans, when Aunt Craik entered with her knitting, and we ceased.

"I'm sorry to be a 'straint on you," said she, sitting straight up and knitting fast; "but I can go back to the kitchen if my company isn't wanted."

This was a tone Aunt Craik had often indulged in since Brail had returned and paid our debts and set us straight. She felt that power had passed from her hands.

"We were talking of the future, aunt," said I. "Won't you take your own arm-chair?"

"Ah, it's all very well for the young uns, the future; but it's the past I thinks most of," replied Aunt Craik, with a sigh. "I'd like to hear ye tell me, Brail, once again how ever that handkerchief o' yours came to be picked up in the ditch near where your poor father was found six year ago next fair. My memory isn't what it used to be, and I forgets things sadly. Though I looked in the almanac this mornin', I can't remember the day of the month, and I used to know the moons and the quarters as well as any body."

Once more my brother related the whole circumstances of his flight and return; how he had used his handkerchief to stanch the wound he had received at the fair, and had flung it away in the ditch, little thinking it would ever be used as evidence against him; how he had cut the ash stick in the holt to serve as a walking-staff on the long journey before him; and how he had been several miles away from the scene of the robbery at the time when it was committed. But when he came to speak of the horror with which he read in a newspaper that he was suspected of the crime, and how he concluded by my silence that we believed him to be guilty, his voice grew so sad that the tears started to my eyes as I listened.

"If it hadn't have been for Captain Fleetwood," he went on, after a time, "I think I should have grown hard as a flint. I made up my mind never to come back, since my family wished to cast me off. It's strange what bad thoughts come into a man's head when he's alone and he's got wrongs to brood over. But I came back home because Fleetwood wished me, though I told him I never wanted to see the place again; but somehow as I got nearer to England I felt to long to see you all again. He had often talked to me about you, and in a way that would make Dorothy blush, perhaps, if she knew what he said about her; so I won't repeat it." My brother glanced at me as he spoke. I bent my head over my work, while he went on: "It was a lucky thing I pushed on as I did that night, for I came in the very nick of time. When I got off the coach at Clambeach, I didn't want to show myself in the inn, so I walked on, though it was so late I feared you would all be gone to bed; but seeing a light at one o' the windows, I came into the garden, and gently called out to Dorothy, thinking she might perhaps be reading, as she used to do. 'It's more likely to frighten her,' thought I the next moment; and I slipped back under the trees, and made my way round to the hay-loft, which I got into by the ladder. It was lucky I couldn't sleep for the cold, and so getting up to walk about till daylight, caught those villains at the dairy window, and paid off an old score, as well as saved the money. You see, aunty."

"For which the Lord be thanked, and Mr. Fleetwood likewise," said my aunt, solemnly. "If ever he comes again, Dorry, mind I give him one of our best hams and my receipt for lumbago, which may be of use to him on his voyages, God bless him!"

"Do you think, Dorry, he ever will come again?" asked my brother, looking at me with a sly air.

"I can't say, Brail. You should know better than I." I felt the color mounting to my cheeks, for I had wondered, and sometimes even felt a little hurt, that we had seen no more of Mr. Fleetwood, who was in England, I knew. So I changed the subject, and whispered to Brail, "Hadn't you better name to aunt what we were talking about to-night?"

Whereupon, with a bright and hopeful manner, my brother disclosed the plans we had often discussed together of late.

He had not finished his explanation when Aunt Craik laid down her knitting and said, with a quavering voice, "I knew what was a-comin'. I did indeed, for I see it in your faces. Say no more, Brail, or you'll bring on spasms i' my side." With a gulp in her throat, she went on: "So we are to give up the farm, and go across the seas, are we? And I'm to be dragged over to Australy to earn the bit o' bread as will keep me for the rest few o' my days? No, no, I can't do it; so don't ask it of me. I'm frightened enough at bulls and shandy cows, as you know, Dorothy, but what should I be at savages, dressed in nothing but paint and bead necklaces, from all accounts? I couldn't bring my mind to face 'em, Brail; so if you and Dorothy has set your minds on goin' to live yonder, you must leave me behind. I dare say it will be all for the best, for you're young and I'm old, and I should only be a 'cumbrance to you. The parish won't refuse to give me help, I should think, seein' as brother Joshua has paid poor-rates all these years; and I dare say they'll—they'll"—here Aunt Craik's sobs impeded her utterance—"they'll put me into Clifford's Almshouses at Clambeach, and not let me go into the Union, for I'm the widow of a respectable man (though he drank, I won't deny), and I come of a decent family, as every body who knows the Gedges would say, let folks think what they like on 'em now."

Aunt Craik only ceased from sheer inability to proceed. But Brail now told her how, foreseeing her probable objections to quit the country, we had formed a plan by which she could spend the rest of her days in comfort in the neighborhood where she had hitherto lived, if her resolution to remain behind was unchangeable. With a look of wonder Aunt Craik listened to the arrangement her nephew proposed to make for her.

"O Lord! O Lord! It's come to that, then, has it?" she interrupted, wringing her hands and groaning. "I'm to be a *lodger*, and live wi' Mrs. Dicki'son, am I? I'd rather go to Clifford's Houses; I couldn't bear it, indeed I couldn't. Susan Dicki'son's a clean woman, but sharp-tempered and worriting, and so am I; and we should come to words the first wash-day, for I've always been used to speak my mind when I see things go wrong, and Susan don't manage the lasses to my notions. No; I'll go to the almshouses, please, and p'r'ps they'll let me wear my own caps, and not guy me out like a—like a—pauper."

But the picture was more than Aunt Craik could endure, and trembling with agitation, she got up and left the room. She was back again before we had recovered our composure.

"It's all there, every penny of it," she cried, laying on the table with a shaking hand a little wash-leather bag that clinked with coin. "It's mostly fourpenny-bits and sixpences, and I've been twenty years scrapin' it together out o' the old milk-cheeses and a few bladders o' lard; but it can't go to the use now as I intended."

"What did you intend it for, aunt?" asked Brail, who looked distressed at Aunt Craik's tearful face.

"For—for my head-stone," sobbed the old lady, bitterly. "I always thought I'd be buried by poor Craik's side, and have head and foot stone proper; but if I'm to go yonder, where decent buryin' is of no account, and there's nobody who'll care to read the verses; and if—if it's your wish, Dorothy, and—oh, Brail, it won't come out and I can't keep it in; but I'd rather go wi' ye to foreign parts than be left behind, for I feel as though you was my own children now it's come to parting."

And Aunt Craik sat down, and I believe we all three cried together.

"Yes, I'll go to Botany Bay, please, my dears," she continued, as I took her trembling hand in mine and kissed it. "For your uncle Craik was allus easy-tempered and forgiving; and it will be all the same at the Day o' Resurrection, I trust, whether we lays in our graves side by side, or whether there's the ocean 'twixt us."

And from that moment Aunt Craik dried her eyes, and began not only to look with resignation upon, but even to give assistance toward, our plan of emigration.

While we were still under the influence of these emotions there came a loud knock at the front-door of the house.

"Good-lor-o'-me, who can it be at this time o' night?" said Aunt Craik, looking quite alarmed. "Speak to them through the window, Brail."

"Tut, tut, aunt," laughed my brother. "Thieves don't come and knock at the front-door for admittance. Run and see who it is, Dorothy. Call me if you want any body."

I felt rather surprised at Brail sending me instead of going himself, and still more so at a significant look he cast at Aunt Craik as I quitted the room. But I made no remark. I unbolted the door, drew back the chain, and beheld a dark figure between me and the starlight.

"I was hoping it might be you. Don't be alarmed. You haven't forgotten me, I trust?"

It was Mr. Fleetwood. I knew his voice instantly, and held out my hand readily to his grasp. He shook it warmly, but did not release it again as I expected.

"Stay, don't call them. I have something to say to you alone. There is a light in the kitchen; may I step in and have a word with you?"

I felt rather disconcerted at his strange and anxious manner, but we stepped into the kitchen, and Mr. Fleetwood at once went on:

"Miss Gedge, I've come on an errand that makes me nervous. I've walked up to your door three times to-night before I dared to knock, and now I've got in I've hardly courage to say what I want to say. The fact is, when a man has got a favor to ask, he doesn't know well how to begin, especially if he's a man of few words."

Here Mr. Fleetwood stopped, and an awkward pause ensued.

"I'm sure if there's any favor we can do you, we shall only be too glad to—to oblige so kind a friend," I began. "I can never feel grateful enough for all—"

"Stop, or you'll be saying more than you may wish. There *is* something you can do—something that will repay me a thousand times over, and make me the happiest man alive. You'll think me very abrupt, I'm afraid; but I want to know if you'll marry me? I'll make you a good and faithful husband, by God's help, if you'll have me, Dorothy. There, I've done it now, and a pretty mess I've made of it!"

For I had sat down and covered my face with my hands, and I'm afraid I was beginning to sob. It had come upon me so suddenly.

"I oughtn't to have blurted it out like that," said Mr. Fleetwood, in an uneasy voice. "I hope you're not offended with me? I seem to know you, Dorothy, so well, that I thought you perhaps might know *me* a little too, and—and understand what I'm feeling just now. But if I'm mistaken, and you can't say the word I want to hear, I'll go away and never trouble you more."

I was still silent. But it was from emotion, not anger or indifference.

"If you wish me to go, sit as you sit now, with your face turned from me; but if you only find it hard to say the word I want to hear, just lift up the bit of sea-weed there on the table by your side, and I'll know what you mean, Dorothy."

The words were uttered in a voice full of feeling. I looked up into the manly, modest face bending over me, and—really I can't say whether I lifted up the sea-weed or not.

* * * * * *

Liverpool, *on board the May Queen.*

We sail to-night for Australia, my aunt, my brother, and I. There is a fourth person who, I believe, considers himself of our party; but I tell him I hardly regard him as such, for a captain is evidently public property, and scarcely belongs to his own wife on board ship. He has just put his head into our cabin—a scene of such disorder that Aunt Craik is almost at her wits' end, and there is a provokingly cheerful smile on his face.

"Things will be all right, Aunt Craik, when we get out to sea," says the skipper, encouragingly.

"Providin' we don't sink to the bottom," says Aunt Craik, who has small faith in any sea-going craft.

"Things will be all right when you *leave* the sea," whispers the skipper's wife. "Only two more voyages—that's the strict letter of the agreement, remember."

"And then we're to try our luck at farming, eh?" laughs my husband.

"And no needless risks are to be incurred meanwhile—no courting danger. Remember, that's in the agreement also," I murmur, as I look into his brave face, and realize the dark nights and the wide ocean before us.

"Well, my dear," says my husband, a little gravely, "a captain is a captain, you see, and he must act accordingly. You wouldn't have me to shirk my duty, eh? You would be the first to despise me, Dorothy, if I did. But if you mean that I am to set a proper value on my life, that's all right, because there's *somebody else* has an interest in that life nowadays, and I wouldn't cause that little somebody a sigh nor a tear for any thing in the world, would I?"

How could a wife reply to such a speech, except by closing her husband's mouth with a kiss?

THE END.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Mount Washington has been abandoned to the officers of the United States Signal Service. The October days have been so cold and "melancholy" in that section that all lagging tourists fled to milder quarters.

The Montenegrin costume is spoken of by travelers in that country as being both handsome and graceful. A visitor describes the dress of the Prince as being dark blue cloth pantaloons, cut in the Syrian style, very full, and gathered in at the knee, with scarlet garters; a scarlet waistcoat embroidered and buttoned with gold, but half concealed by a closely fitting tunic of white cloth, also richly embroidered in gold; a Damascus silk scarf around the loins, and at his waist a huge crimson leather band, in which arms are carried, although the Prince is the only man who carries none at home. In the full court dress the tunic is of green. Courtiers wear rows of large silver buttons sewed so thickly on the fronts of the tunics as to conceal the cloth, and give the appearance of armor. The Prince wears high leather boots, but in general the Montenegrins wear embroidered leggings. The dress of the peasants is similar in fashion, but of more common materials; and all add for cold weather a thick cloak made of undyed wool.

It is said that the Russian winters are becoming colder every year, and the summers hotter, drier, and less fruitful. This is believed to be owing to the destruction of the woodlands which formerly abounded in the southern districts.

About two hundred students have been registered for the coming session of the New York Medical College. Certain changes have this year been made in the curriculum. Instead of the two years' course, as heretofore, the student must enter the graded course, and pursue it for three years, to secure a diploma. The first year is devoted to anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and the institutes of medicine, including dissections. In the second year the students attend the lectures given to the Senior Class, and at the end of that year they are examined upon all the studies of the Junior course. In the third year the lectures of the previous year are repeated, and the students review their other work. At the end they are examined by the Board of Censors, composed of five prominent homœopathic physicians of this city, upon all the branches of medical science. If they pass this examination, the students are entitled to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

The wife of Edgar A. Poe died at Fordham, in the house in which the poet wrote "The Raven," and her remains were placed in the old family vault of the Valentines in the Reformed church at Fordham. It has been suggested that it would be appropriate to have her remains placed by the side of her husband and mother.

Galveston Harbor is said to have been benefited by the storm, as there is water enough on the bar to enable Liverpool steamers to go direct to the wharves.

The National Rifle Association opened at Creedmoor in June, 1873, with a series of individual and team matches. The previous rifle practice of the Twenty-second Regiment of the National Guard enabled them to surpass all competitors. During the following summer the National Guard generally began to take an interest in rifle-shooting, and in the fall about fifteen regiments were represented by teams of twelve men each, and the October contest showed an increasing disposition on the part of the members to improve. Systematic practice being found essential, at the fall meeting in 1874 about twenty regiments of the National Guard and three of the United States Army were represented. Many improvements and changes have been made during 1875, and the shooting of the Association at the third annual contest far surpassed the best of any previous year.

It is now a law in Egypt that every soldier that enters the army must learn to read and write in Arabic. The officers are required to learn some foreign language, either English or French. If the soldiers do not know how to read and write when they enter the service, they are taught by their officers.

It is said of the Queen of Holland that she can address her guests with fluency in every European language. A correspondent of the London *Echo*, who was present at a reception given not long ago by the Queen to the members of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Laws of Nations, assembled at the Hague, says: "I had the good fortune to be near her Majesty at the time, and satisfied myself that she was able to speak with equal fluency to the German, French, English, Danish, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Swedish delegates. To each of the guests the Queen said some few words, or entered into conversation with those whose reputation has placed them on a higher level of intellectual life."

Statistics show that there are more Jews in London than in the whole of Palestine.

Italian children have lost a true friend by the recent death of Mrs. Emily Gould. In 1870 she removed to Rome, where she carried out on a large scale the work to which she dedicated her life—establishing schools for poor Italian children. She soon had two schools in operation, attended by about 150 pupils. About forty of the most destitute were lodged in the school building, and fed and clothed at her expense. The youngest were taught on the Kindergarten system, the older ones instructed in branches suited to their ages, the English language being one of them. The expenses of these schools were great; in 1873, for example, the total cost was $10,200. To defray these expenses Mrs. Gould contributed the whole of her private income, and, at the same time, gave all Americans and other foreigners who came to Rome an opportunity, if they desired, of contributing to the good work.

Is there no one ingenious enough to make his fortune by inventing an absolutely indelible ink for the use of the Post-office Department? It is estimated, says an exchange, that the government loses over a million dollars a year by the second using of postage stamps that have once been defaced by the Post-office officials and then been restored to their original appearance. Over four thousand specimens of ink have been offered and tested to see if the marks made with them on stamps could be erased. None have stood the tests used. Some contrivance for perfectly protecting the Post-office Department against losses from this cause is very necessary.

The Paris *Figaro* remarks that all that is necessary now to enable an expert to swim from Liverpool to New York is a boat alongside and some one to feed the swimmer.

Evansville, Indiana, has received half a million of dollars as an endowment for a great educational institution to be established in that city. The donor is Willard Carpenter, a wealthy man, who also announces that after the school is established he will make a further gift of $200,000.

A superb English Christmas book is a volume on *Windsor Castle*, published by express permission of the owner of the royal residence. It will comprise twenty-three permanent photographs, exterior and interior, in large folio size, made by the heliotype process, and the text is by the late B. B. Woodward, her Majesty's librarian at Windsor.

A correspondent of the London *Agricultural Gazette* gives his experience in regard to early frosts, mentioning a remedy which is simple enough to deserve a trial. He says that when he suspects that there is or has been a frost on his vegetables, he at once goes into his garden with his watering-pot, and sprinkles with water those tender plants which are liable to be frost-bitten, taking care to do this before the sun rises. By this means he has never failed to obviate the disastrous effects of frost, when his immediate neighbors have suffered severely from them.

The charity hospital known as the "Branch of the New York Hospital," which occupies the former police station in Chambers Street, is now well fitted up with all hospital appliances. During the summer various alterations and repairs have been made, and now it compares favorably with other hospitals of similar size in the city. In the front basement is the dispensary, and adjoining this the Morgue. An elevator has been constructed to take patients to the upper wards. There are beds for twenty-four patients, and the number may be increased to forty if it is needful.

Churches of all creeds have been found by the summer's inspection to be in danger of fire unless their defective flues, their dangerous gas brackets, their steam-pipes, etc., are carefully examined and made safe.

During the "season" at Cape May the guests at a certain hotel got up for their amusement a Japanese tea party. A Japanese tea-set was spread on the floor, and the special participants squatted around it in Japanese fashion. The ladies wore elaborate costumes in true native style, and the tea furnished was an importation direct from Japan, and of the quality drunk by the Emperor.

There is a deal of truth and good sense in this clipping: "Children are children as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat that sits purring before the fire does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there in a fever of excitement to catch its own tail. She sits still, and purs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of affection, all watch and worry."

We have heard of one lady who intends to get the full value of what she pays for. On leaving one of the summer resorts recently she was charged for an entire china toilet-set, only one piece of which she had broken. She paid the bill, and, pleading the excuse of having forgotten something, returned to the room and broke each and every article of the set for which she had paid.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The recent report published by the Suez Canal Company, bringing up the statistics of the canal to the beginning of April of the current year, is, in more respects than one, an instructive document. It shows that the prediction of those who favored the enterprise from its inception—namely, that its opening would in a few years revolutionize the trade of Europe and the East—has been practically realized in the five years that the canal has been thrown open to traffic. It gives, furthermore, the gratifying intelligence that the success of the canal as a commercial venture is no longer a matter of doubt and uncertainty, but an established fact, while to Americans the document will afford a substantial argument in behalf of the long-deferred interoceanic canal across the American isthmus.

The canal was opened to navigation in December, 1869, since which time to April 1, 1875, 5236 vessels made the transit. Of these 4998 were steam-vessels, and but 238 sailing vessels, the small proportion of the latter being ascribed to the danger and difficulty of navigating the Red Sea; 2863 vessels passed through from the Mediterranean, and 2373 from the Red Sea.

The statistics by years are herewith given, the figures denoting a steady increase of business: 1870, 489; 1871, 763; 1872, 1082; 1873, 1173; 1874, 1264. Up to the end of the first quarter of 1875 455 vessels had made the transit, which gives an average of 1820 for the year. If the totals above given are divided according to the nationality of the vessels represented, it will appear that Great Britain was represented by 3602 vessels; France, 416; Austria, 303; Italy, 254; Turkey, 131; Holland, 123; Egypt, 100; Germany, 95; Spain, 63; Russia, 36; Portugal, 22; Denmark, 17; Sweden, 15; the United States, 10; Belgium, 9; Greece, 7; Japan, 4; Burmah, 3; and Peru, Tunis, and Zanzibar, each 1.

In 1870 the net tonnage amounted to 436,609 tons, producing for the company a revenue of 5,048,944 francs; in 1874 the tonnage reached 1,631,640 tons, producing a revenue of 24,748,900 francs.

By the report of the Chamber of Commerce of Newfoundland for 1874–75 we learn that the Labrador cod fishery was of an average catch, and that the Labrador herring fishery during the fall of 1874 was unusually productive. The seal fishery, however, was entirely unsatisfactory, with very few exceptions, the sailing vessels being unsuccessful, owing to the enormous quantity of ice packed on the coast, and the unusually severe weather. The catch by the steamers was better, and the seals taken were in a much more mature condition than those captured last year.

The export of cod-fish for 1874 was very large, having reached the enormous total of 1,609,724 quintals, being a large increase over that of 1873. The present condition of the shore fisheries for the season of 1875 is unsatisfactory, the capelin, or bait used for taking the cod-fish, having remained but a short time, and, when obtained, being but slightly attractive. It is hoped that when the squid come in, the fishery will be more successful. Several vessels are now employed exclusively in capturing squid to be furnished to the fishermen, and their operations have been prosecuted to such an extent as to induce some fear of the failure hereafter of the supply of this important animal.

The death of Dr. Karl T. Andree, the editor of the geographical journal the *Globus*, took place on the 16th of August, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He is well known as the author of numerous original works on geographical science, and as editor or translator of foreign treatises of similar character, especially those of Malte Brun, Chodzko, Achille Murat, and Balbi. He became editor of the *Mainzer Zeitung* in 1838, and in 1861 founded the *Globus*. One of his most important labors is the *Geography of the Commerce of the World*, published in Stuttgart from 1863 to 1873, in connection with his son, Richard Andree, upon whom his mantle seems to have fallen.

In the opinion of Mr. William L. Watts, who is engaged in making some explorations among the glaciers of Iceland, these are increasing year by year, and he thinks that at no distant period the whole island will be covered with ice, as is the case with Greenland.

Captain Noble states that for eighteen years the planet Uranus has always appeared to him to have a pale blue disk, but that on the 9th of March last he was struck with its whiteness, and with even a faint suspicion of yellow, every vestige of blueness having completely vanished. Having in mind the remarkable changes of color exhibited by Jupiter, he desires to call the attention of observers to the color of Uranus, since it will be a curious coincidence if a cognate variation of color be found to exist in the latter more distant member of our solar system.

The run of salmon in the Sacramento River during the present season has been something unprecedented, Mr. Livingston Stone, in charge of the United States salmon-hatching station on the M'Cloud River, stating, under date of August 26, that, in a space of about a hundred yards by thirty, 5000 salmon per hour could be seen jumping out of the water. Mr. Stone has actually counted 100 in a minute, and has seen eighteen spring out of the water at once.

The first definite news of the progress of the British arctic expedition was furnished by the arrival, on the 29th of August, at Plymouth, of the *Valorous*, the tender which accompanied the two ships, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, as far as Disco. The three vessels reached Disco on the 4th to the 6th of July, remaining together until the 15th, at which date the two bound for the north left Godhavn.

It is expected that suitable winter-quarters will be found on the north shore of Lady Franklin Strait, and that the *Alert* will proceed onward alone to the north, establishing dépôts and building cairns, with records, at intervals of about sixty miles. It is hoped that the *Alert* may be able to winter as far north as 84°, and begin sledge traveling, so as to ascertain something of the country, and then push boldly northward in the summer of 1876, and that this will be done by a system of auxiliary dépôts, enabling the foremost to be absent 112 days, and to advance upward of 500 miles from the ship.

The *Discovery* will do what she can in the way of investigation, proceeding, however, slowly, so as to serve as a relief ship should any thing happen to the *Alert*. The Danish authorities in Greenland had received instructions from their government to render every assistance possible to the expedition, which was cheerfully done.

In a series of temperature soundings taken by the *Valorous* on her return, the lowest was found to be 33° and a small fraction.

The sixth biennial meeting of the International Astronomical Society, founded in 1863 at Heidelberg, took place from the 13th to the 16th of August, at Leyden, and was opened by the president, O. Struve. The representatives appear to have been from Germany, Holland, Russia, Norway, Mexico, and Java, no French, English, or American names being recorded among those present. It was stated that the actual number of members is 235, embracing some of the most eminent names in astronomical annals. All the manuscripts of Professor Hansen had been recently presented to the society. Professor Struve was re-elected president for the coming year.

Among the most serviceable institutions in Great Britain is that known as the Ray Society, instituted many years ago for the purpose of facilitating the publication of important memoirs on the natural history of Great Britain. A guinea subscription is made by each member annually, with the proceeds of which one or more memoirs are published; and although the first membership was quite small, with advancing years the list has become so large as to permit the publication of a very extensive series of volumes. These are in quarto or small folio, and are profusely illustrated, constituting a very important library for scientific reference.

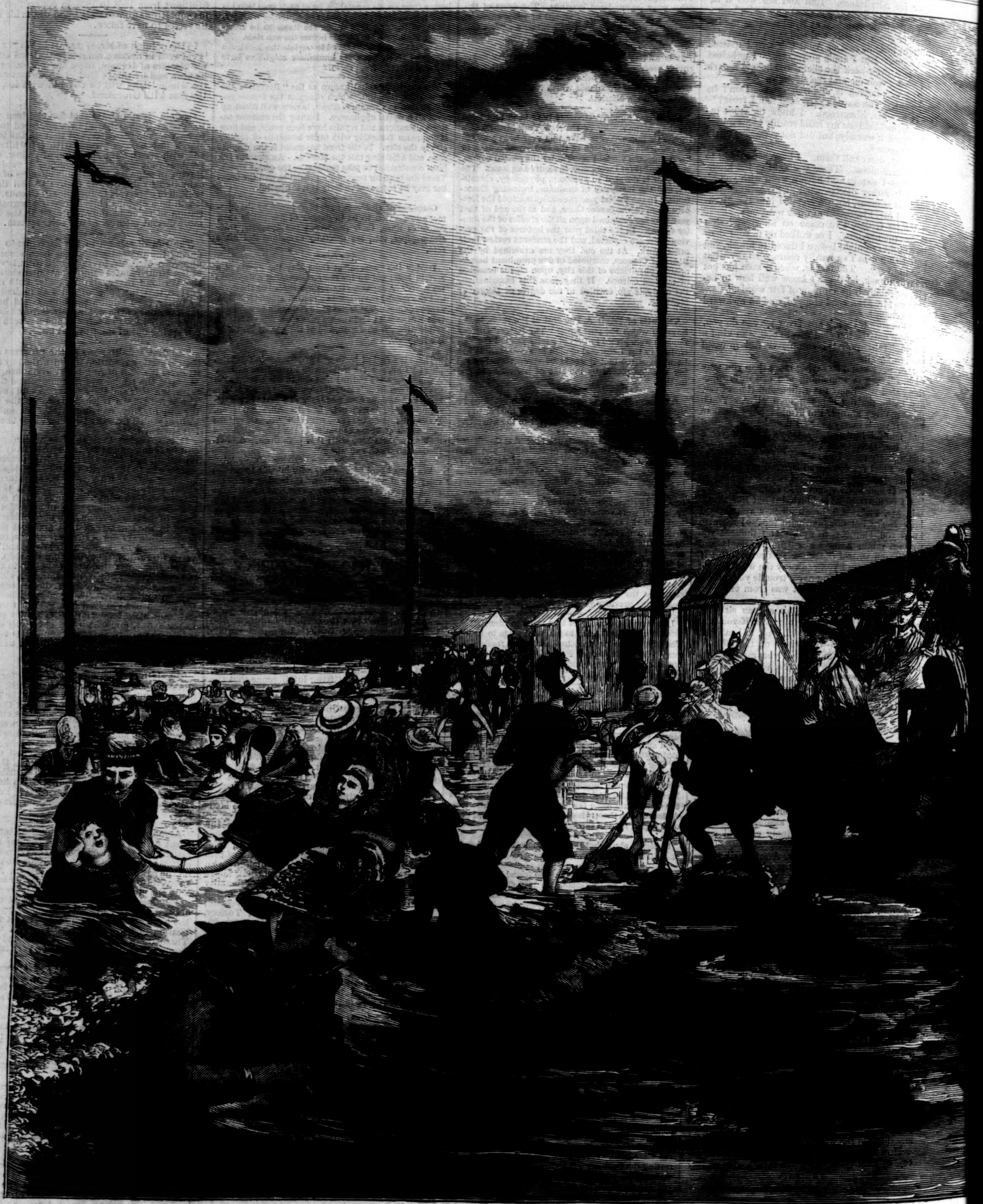
The annual meeting of the society was held on the 27th of August, when it was reported that the memoir on the Aphides, by Mr. Buckton, the monograph of M. Mivart on the Tailed Amphibia, and that of Professor Westwood on the Mantidæ were mentioned as in a considerable degree of forwardness. Mr. Brady had promised a work on the British Copepoda; and the sketches and monograph left by Mr. Hancock were found sufficient to complete the long-promised monograph on the British Tunicata.

The numerous reports as to the occurrence of a remarkable marine animal on the coast of New England during the past summer have induced the Boston Society of Natural History to prepare and distribute a circular calling for information on the subject. Copies of this will be sent to any applicant.

Among the natural history schools conducted during the past summer, somewhat on the plan of that at Penikese, was one at the town of Normal, in Illinois, which closed on the 11th of August, after a four weeks' course. The class was divided into sections, each section working in concert on the same subject, under the guidance of an instructor. Thirty lectures were delivered, one or two each day, having close relation to the laboratory work.

The instructors consisted of Professor Burt G. Wilder, Professor W. S. Barnard, Professor T. G. Burrall, Professor Cyrus Thomas, and Professor S. A. Forbes.

The materials for the zoological course were abundant, being derived partly from Lake Michigan and the Illinois River, and partly from the New England coast, gathered principally by Professor Van Vleck, at Wood's Hole, the headquarters of the United States Fish Commission. It was stated that a greater variety of animals were available for study than at Penikese itself. Among others was a supply of the lancelet, or amphioxus, the most rudimentary of animals known, received by Professor Wilder from Naples.



THE FRENCH SEA-S

THE FRENCH SEA-SIDE.

TROUVILLE is one of the pleasantest of the French sea-side resorts, although it does not possess an exclusively fashionable character. It combines the trade of a small sea-port and fishing station with the position of a popular watering-place. Separated by a small river, the Toucques, from the younger but equally renowned town of Deauville, Trouville is more cosmopolitan, and its visitors a trifle less select. Both places are situated on a bold sweep of land immediately opposite the light-house on the tall cliffs which mark the mouth of the Seine and the entrance to Havre. Between the little pier of Trouville and the Hôtel des Roches Noires the life of the place may be said to be concentrated. Within this space are the canvas bathing houses whence issue at high water the ladies in "bloomer" costumes and broad straw hats, who are so careful not to let either their faces or their locks come in contact with the salt-water, who swim with one foot on the bottom, and who never bathe without a strong escort of male friends. Close beside the pier, too, is a line of wooden tenements used as *cafés*, shooting galleries, or lotteries; and immediately after these establishments are passed commences a boarded walk on the sands, forming an excellent promenade, along which saunter and sit the people of all nations and name who make Trouville a miniature Babel—Frenchmen in light blue suits, with white boots, and small barometers fastened to their hat-bands, as if they wished to test the atmospheric pressure of the sea-breezes on the brain; *gommeux* from the Boulevards in light frock-coats and straw hats; Englishmen in alarming chess-board suits; small Russians in top-boots, red sashes, and white duck jackets; Germans in tight trowsers; Swedes, Turks, Americans, Italians, negroes, Cubans—in short, citizens of every country in both hemispheres. Nor is the fairer sex in less number and variety; muslin, lace, gold and silver embroidered jackets, low shoes, silk stockings, high heels, and every imaginable color are massed together on the Trouville "mile." Here families and their friends prefer to sit on long lines of chairs, criticising and greeting the passers-by, while the children dig on the somewhat dirty sands beyond, or dabble in the water. Some few take up their position on the beach and watch the bathers; but this is tedious work, and the gay crowd behind the bath-houses has more attractions than the dripping damsels who hurry to their cabins in *peignoirs*, or the gentlemen who are conscious that a tight striped costume is not always the most becoming dress.

Just behind the largest bathing establishment is the Casino, where balls, theatrical representations, concerts, and other amusements are held daily. In fr
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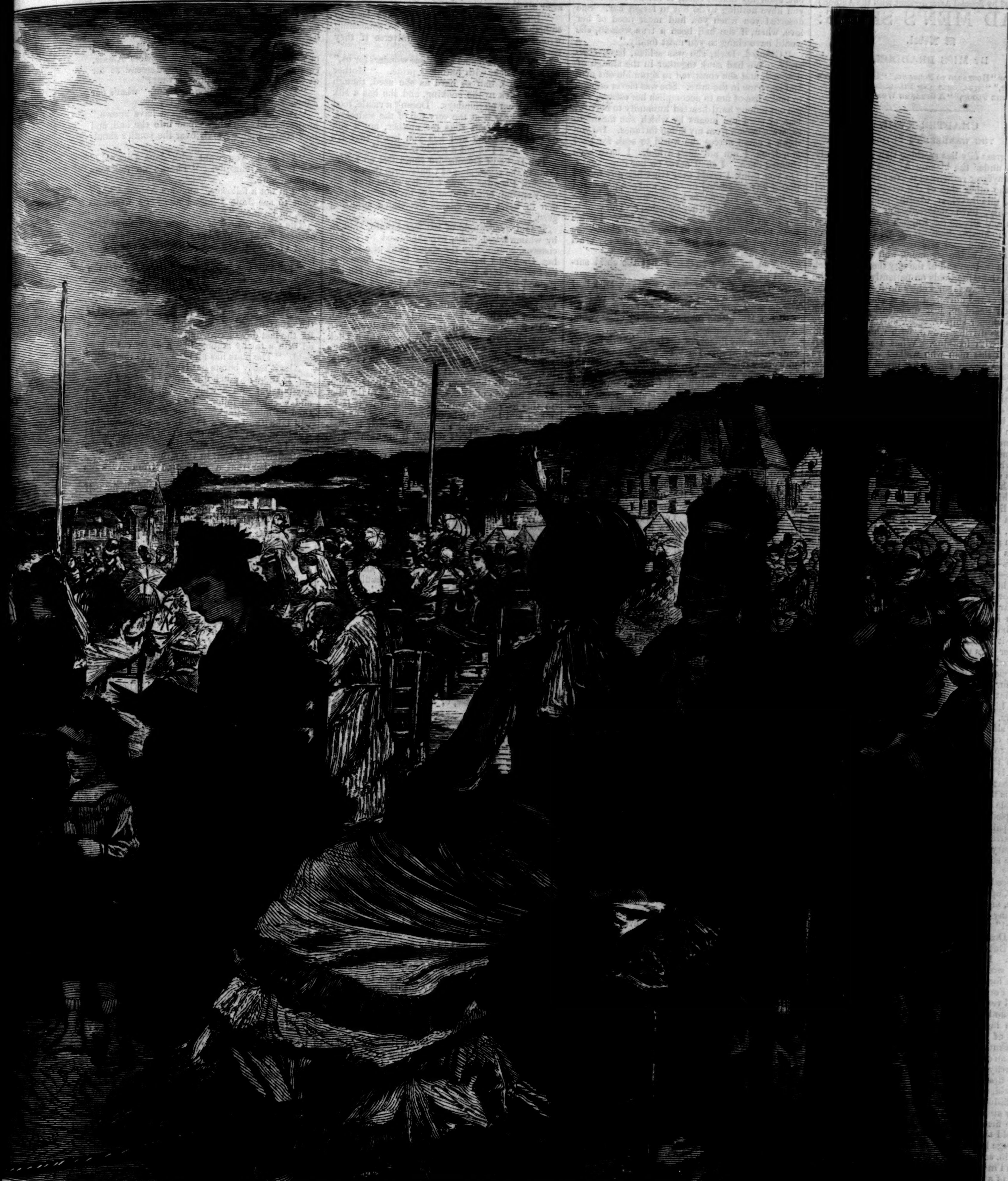

BATHING AT TROUVILLE.

ked terrace, which is from mid-day till mid- a small room, where, de *Salon*, both sexes termed limited gam- consists of an ingenious gement, on which eight the names of Doncas- other equine celebri- till the small hours of are divided into two and *Poules d'Hon- lation* eight series of are distributed; and seven and a half francs each, the other half francs going half to the proprietor of the game and half to the Casino. The horses run in circles on concealed weighted bars, and the one which stops nearest the winning-post, without actually passing it, is proclaimed the victor; for instance, supposing No. 8 (Doncaster) to be the winner, the eight persons who have tickets bearing that number receive each seven and a half francs. Every third contest is a *Poule d'Honneur*, which is on exactly the same principle, only it is run in two heats, the winners of the first round competing for a gross sum of fifty-six francs. On these occasions the excitement is intense, and the scramble for tickets becomes very nearly a fight. Yet it must not be supposed that the gamblers are children, or their names unknown, even if the company be not select. Many of them are people of wealth and position from all parts of the world.

In another part of the Casino is the play-room, or, as it has been facetiously nicknamed, "Little Toulon," for reasons which are only too apparent. Here are two écarté tables, surrounded by, for the most part, as ill-looking a crowd as it would be possible to imagine. The écarté room is a disgrace not only to the administration of the Casino, but to civilization in general. The most infamous cheating is openly practiced. It has been calculated by a competent authority that there are no less than eighty-nine *grecs*, or, as we should call them, "legs," assembled nightly round these two tables. Yet there is a commissary of police present every night, and he must be well aware of what is going on, even were he deaf enough not to hear the oaths and foul language which resound on every side, or blind enough not to perceive that there is a powerful confederation ready to fall upon and devour unsuspecting strangers. At Baden, Homburg, and Wiesbaden in former days gambling was, if detrimental and prejudicial to public morals, at least fair and above-board. The tendencies of private play at Trouville are worse in every way. Moreover, many persons very rightly refuse to allow their wives and daughters to go to the Casino in consequence of the characters who are admitted within its precincts.

Trouville is such a pleasant place naturally that it seems a great pity that no effort is made to improve it socially in one respect. The visitors at the pretty villas, at the splendid Hôtel des Roches Noires, and other establishments are for the most part of high standing; it is, therefore, to be regretted that the frequenters of certain hotels, where the most ignorant stranger would speedily find out the character of his fellow-lodgers, should monopolize the only place of amusement in Trouville. Loud indignation is expressed on all sides at the indiscriminating hospitality of the Casino authorities.

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DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE great city lies seething like some unholy caldron under the blazing August sun, when a lonely wayfarer returns to it after two years' exile on the other side of the world. Rank and fashion, middle-class wealth, professional respectability, have deserted the airy western squares and streets for English watering-places, Welsh mountains, Scottish moors, Irish lakes, or broiling Continental esplanades, spas, conversation houses, Rhine steamers, and so on. But from this eastern end of the city there is no such exodus; here life holds on patiently through the dog-days; here labor knows no respite, and the grinding of the universal mill slackens not.

Alexis Secretan, just disembarked from the famous clipper ship *Oronoko*, surveys the dingy street, the driving crowd, with wonder not unmingled with loathing. What a weary city it seems to this man who walked its stony ways two years ago a seeker for bread, and for the most part found only the natural product of the soil—a stone! He has found fortune kinder at the antipodes, man more friendly, nature more liberal of her smiles, less shut out and constrained by brick and mortar. He has achieved no sudden prosperity; he has worked hard and honestly, and has done well—so well as to be able to come back to this sophisticated, unfriendly city, whither fate draws him as a magnet.

It is not possible for a man to feel more lonely than this returning wayfarer. In all the vast city which spreads itself about and around him there lives only one person from whom he can hope a friendly smile of welcome. His humble friend, Dick Plowden, is the only being to whom he can go with any certainty of not being considered a bore and an intruder. His old brother officers—the companions of his brief day of prosperity—alas! he wore out the friendship of those when he sunk to that lowest grade in the animal creation—the borrowing animal.

Dear old Dick! Honest, friendly Dick, to whom he has long since repaid that ten-pound note borrowed for the false wife who deserted him—it is to Dick he goes naturally to-day, as brother goes to brother. It is to Dick's recommendation to Messrs. Keel and Skrew he owes the honorable independence of the last two years. But for Dick's influence he would never have got that fair start in a new world which has enabled him to keep his head above water, and do Messrs. Keel and Skrew honorable service on the other side of the globe.

He can afford to take a hansom and drive down to the Brompton Road as fast as a broken-down thorough-bred can take him. Dear old Dick is in the little back parlor hard at work, as on that snowy day when desperation guided Alexis to that last resource of the desperate—the humble friend of better days. But Dick is not occupied to-day in the mechanical drudgery of map-painting; he is writing a book, a little book on astronomy, for the use of schools—that elementary geography of his having been a success.

He starts up at sight of Alexis, who has pushed by the maid-of-all-work and entered unannounced. The two men greet each other heartily.

"Captain Secretan! What a delightful surprise, and looking so well too, so handsome; just like my original captain, who took mother's first floor!"

"Dear old Dick!"

"But I did not expect you home for ever so long. I thought you were going to stop at Sydney, working for the firm until you had made your fortune."

"Fortune is all very well, Dick—and the firm is all very well. They have been liberal employers, and I have worked honestly for them, and been lucky in my dealings for them. But the soul of man needs something more than fifteen per cent. commission upon all his dealings. There was an emptiness in my heart, Dick, out yonder—a cavity that needed filling somehow—so I took the first opportunity to slip across to the Old World, though God knows there's little chance of filling the vacuum here. However, I shall only stop a month or so, and then go back again. The firm has been very kind about the matter. I told them my health was failing, and that the voyage home was my only hope of getting strong again, so they gave me a free passage both ways, and I'm to hold counsel with them about the opening of a new branch of the business out yonder."

"And were you really ill?" asked Richard Plowden, sympathetically.

"What I told the firm was not much more than the truth, old fellow. When heart sickness sets in, bodily sickness is pretty sure to follow. My nights were growing sleepless, full of bad thoughts. Well, Dick, you can guess my first question. Any news—of her?"

Richard Plowden shakes his head despondingly.

"I am the last to hear of her," he says. "I, who live as much out of the world as if I were a hermit in a cave."

"She might have come to you to inquire my fate, knowing you were the only friend adversity had left me."

"She has never come."

"Nor written?"

"Not a line. Forgive me if I wound you, Captain Secretan—"

"Call me Alex, Dick, or we shall quarrel."

"Forgive me if I seem to speak hardly of her, but upon my honor, Alex, it seems to me that you have nothing to do but to forget her. She deserted you when you had most need of her love, when, if she had been a true woman, she would have clung to you most fondly."

"Granted, Dick, she was selfish, base, cowardly. We had sunk together in the slough of despond, and she contrived to scramble out of it and leave me in the mire. She was clever enough to make use of me to accomplish her escape, sent me out among hard-hearted humanity to borrow, beg, or steal the means by which she meant to separate herself from my fallen fortunes. Do you think I came across the world to seek for her? No, Dick, I am not such a fool. I have been cheated once. I shall never be her dupe again. Do you think I could ever trust her any more? that if fortune smiled upon us, and she pretended to love me, I could feel any confidence in her truth, any security in her affection? The void in my heart is to be filled, but not by her. I came back to the Old World to look for my child—the child that was to be born to me when my cruel wife left me."

"You do not even know that the child survived its birth?"

"What a Job's comforter you are, Dick! I know nothing except that I am going to hunt for the mother in order that I may find the child."

"The law would give the custody of so young a child to the mother."

"I snap my fingers at the law. Truth is great and shall prevail. So base a wife must be an unworthy mother. I will find her price for the child. She will sell that as she sold me—for a mess of pottage. When I left England I was desperate—mad, perhaps, or I should not have left the land that held my child. My loneliness in that strange world yonder awakened a father's feelings. I found out how dreary a prospect life is to a man who stands alone—a blank and barren desert with no green oasis, no distant city to which he may direct his steps—a lonely pilgrimage leading nowhere."

"How shall you commence your search?"

"I have thought of that question many a time on board the *Oronoko*. There is little choice of plan left open to me. You remember that before Messrs. Keel and Skrew took me into their employment I went to Redcastle, the place my wife came from when she came to London as Mrs. Hazleton's governess. I saw Sibyl's younger sister, made my inquiries, and found that Sibyl had not been heard of at Redcastle. She had not gone straight home to her uncle, the parish doctor, as I had supposed it probable she would, and flung herself and her troubles upon his shoulders. No, she was too artful for that. She had some deeper game in view—some rich relative from whom she had expectations, as I gathered dimly from her letter. I could find out nothing more from the girl than that Sibyl was supposed still to be in Mrs. Hazleton's employment, that her marriage was not known to her family, that she had not re-appeared at Redcastle, or received any help from her uncle, the doctor. Where could she be, and how could she be living? She must have found the wealthy friend whose existence I inferred from her letter, and this wealthy friend or relative was evidently not an inhabitant of Redcastle. She must have found a safe haven somewhere. I made no further attempt to trace her. I was too deeply stung by her abandonment. 'Let her go,' I said to myself, as I crawled wearily away from that dismal country town, through the January weather; 'she and I have done with each other.' I did not foresee that the hour would come in which the thought of my child would be more precious to me than my false wife's love had ever been. But in my lonely days in a strange land—lonely in spite of what the world calls friendship—I have suffered my hopes to build themselves round that one image—the child whose face I have never seen. Now, Dick, there seem to be only two sources of information open to me. I can go down to Redcastle again, and renew my inquiries at Dr. Faunthorpe's; or before doing that I can hunt up an honest creature who used to be housemaid at Mrs. Hazleton's, and who made herself useful to my wife in sending her letters, and so helping her to sustain the falsehood which she chose to practice upon her uncle, for quite inadequate reasons, as they always seemed to me. But there are minds to which double-dealing is an absolute pleasure, and hers may be of that order," adds Alexis, bitterly.

"You have not dined," says Richard Plowden. "I'll order a steak and potatoes. You'll enjoy an English rump-steak after ship fare, and you know mother's a first-rate cook. You'll take up your quarters with us, of course, while you are in London?"

"I shall go to Redcastle to-morrow, Dick, if I can find Jane Dimond, the house-maid, to-night. But if you can give me a bed for to-night, I will accept it with all gratitude. Don't trouble about dinner. I had a substantial lunch on board the *Oronoko*. I'll go to Lowther Street at once, and we can smoke our pipes together when I come back, and talk over old times, when I was a careless, thriftless bachelor. How selfish I am, talking of my own affairs all this time, and never so much as congratulating you on your success as an author!"

"Don't call me an author," protests Dick, blushing. "That's putting me too much upon a level with Scott and Bulwer, and geniuses of that kind. I was lucky enough to hit upon an easy, simple way of stating hard facts—making dry-as-dust information a little more attractive than it has been made for young minds, and the style took with the schools and teachers. My little hand-book of geography has gone through fifteen editions, and has been quite a fortune to me, and I'm now doing the sixth in a series of hand-books, all more or less geographical up to the present one, in which I venture upon astronomy. So, you see, map-painting led to something, after all."

"Intelligence and industry always lead to something, Dick. There would be something wrong in the scheme of the universe if they could ever lead to nothing."

"Those little books have done wonders for us," exclaims Dick, with harmless pride. "Mother doesn't work half so hard as she used, though she will stick to the cooking, and she has a silk gown to wear on Sundays. Doesn't it rustle, too! You can hear it at the very top of the staircase. None of your soft silks for mother, but a silk that stands alone and lets you know that it's there. And I've got a garden. See!"

The Duke of Devonshire could feel no loftier pride in the possession of Chatsworth than swells Richard Plowden's breast to-day as he draws up the Venetian blind and allows his cherished garden to burst upon Alexis Secretan's admiring gaze.

It is a quadrangle of ten feet square, shut in by whitewashed walls, overshadowed by leaden cisterns, bounded by the slated roofs of a mews; but Dick has built rockeries in the corners—rockeries where ferns flourish greenly. He has trained ivy over one wall—that blessed parasite which is so fair and quick-growing a screen for brick-and-mortar abominations—Virginia creeper over another. The grass is soft and green, and in the middle of the little plot there is a stone basin—a time-worn old basin which Dick has picked up for half a sovereign in a builder's yard, but a basin in which a slender jet of water actually plays. Scarlet geraniums in green tubs give color to the picture. An old stone bench, also a bargain of Dick's, offers repose to the idler in this narrow pleasaunce. Shut in as it is by mews and back kitchens, overshadowed as it is by cisterns, Richard Plowden's garden is absolutely pretty. Alexis accords it his unmeasured approbation.

"It's the first English garden I've seen for the last two years, Dick, and it smiles at me like a welcome home. Yes, I'll come back in time to smoke a cigar on that stone bench of yours under the summer stars."

"We drink tea out there on fine Sunday afternoons in the warm weather," says Dick, smiling at the ferns and rock-work, "and you can't imagine how proud mother is. I've got the real *Osmunda regalis*, or flowering-fern, in that corner, though you'd hardly believe it, and there's a polypodium over there that a friendly lodger of ours brought me from Ilfracombe."

"Well, Dick, I must go and look for Jane Dimond, but I'll be back in a couple of hours at latest."

Dick limps to the door with his friend, and follows his figure with admiring eyes till it vanishes in the current of wayfarers.

"What a fine fellow he is! and to think that a wife could desert him! I'll ask mother to get a bit of something nice for supper—a veal cutlet and a few pease, or a chicken and a slice of broiled ham."

CHAPTER XIX.

AT ARMS-LENGTH.

THERE are some people whose houses never change—people whose habitations are in a manner symbolical of their lives, and whose even tenor of existence nothing lesser than the undertaker can overthrow. Mrs. Hazleton is one of these eminently respectable personages. She has occupied the house in Lowther Street for the last ten years. She has gone to the sea-side every year of those ten, and at exactly the same period, has returned after the same interval, has given her great parties at the same seasons, and has lived a methodical and prosperous existence with satisfaction to herself and her neighbors, and with considerable profit to the surrounding shop-keepers. When the London season is over, Mrs. Hazleton goes to the sea-side, not because she belongs to that flight of fashionable swallows who follow pleasure's summer from clime to clime, but simply because London in August is unendurable—baking pavements, scorched verdure, dust and grime on every thing, and a sense of desertion in all those regions which the upper ten thousand and a considerable portion of the lower million inhabit.

There could not be a better time for Alexis to make his inquiry without having to present himself in a formal manner to his old acquaintance. Mrs. Hazleton is at Scarborough, with children, governess, and *femme de chambre*. The blinds are all down, save one of the Venetians in the dining-room, which is drawn up about half-way, and in the space thus exposed to view the comfortable round face of Mrs. Hazleton's cook, and the lanky countenance of Mrs. Hazleton's sandy-haired footman—a footman whose visage is happily unfamiliar to Alexis—exhibit themselves. Cook and footman are engaged in looking out of the window. There is not much for them to see in Lowther Street on this August evening, but it is a relief to be above-ground for a little while, after the twilight of those under-ground dungeons to which the London domestic is confined.

Alexis mounts the steps and knocks and rings under the calm survey of those two pair of eyes. The sandy-haired footman is not impressed by Mr. Secretan's appearance. Alexis is carelessly dressed in garments of a colonial cut: Bedford cord trowsers, a velveteen shooting-jacket, a soft felt hat—clothes chosen for ease and hard wear rather than for fashion. The footman yawns audibly, and, when reminded of his duties by a nudge from cook's plump elbow, mutters, contemptuously, "Oh, hang it, that fellow can wait, you know," and then withdraws himself lazily from his post of observation, and anon opens the street door a little way, filling the opening with his person.

"Is there a young woman called Dimond in service here now?" asks Alexis.

"Dun know, I'm shaw," replies the flunky, with another yawn. "What do you want with her?"

"We won't go into particulars till you find out whether she's still here," answers Alexis, coolly. "Perhaps you will condescend so far as to inquire of your fellow-servant?"

"Hi, cooky," bawls the footman, "what's our Jane's name? Dimond, ain't it?"

"Of course it is. You might have known," answers cook, who has come into the hall, and now contemplates Alexis over the youth's shoulder.

"What do you want with Jane Dimond?" she inquires, sharply. "There's no followers allowed here."

"I'm not a follower," answers Alexis, "but I want to see Jane Dimond alone, for five minutes, on business."

The countenances of cook and footman plainly express an apprehension that this is the beginning of a deep-laid scheme against the family plate.

"I'll tell you what, young man," says the cook, with asperity, "my missus is out of town, and we don't want no airy sneaks loafing about while she's away."

"And it ain't no good for them to loaf," adds the sandy-haired young man, who has not shaved for the last day or two, and whose chin is adorned with a tawny stubble like a newly cut wheat field. "The plate has all been sent to the bank."

Alexis fairly bursts out laughing.

"Is there so much difference between a chimney-pot hat and a wide-awake, between Poole and a colonial tailor?" he says to himself, and then he adds aloud, "If one of you simpletons will take the trouble to call Jane Dimond, she will be able to tell you that I'm a gentleman, and that I have not come after the tea-spoons or the umbrellas. I'll wait in the street for her. You can tell her that a gentleman from Australia wants a few words with her."

Cook and footman whisper doubtfully for half a minute, and then shut the door upon Mr. Secretan, leaving him to infer their acquiescence with his request.

He paces the pavement for five minutes or so, and then the good-natured Jane Dimond comes down the steps, while cook and footman stand in the doorway to watch the proceedings.

They see Jane gesticulate as in extreme surprise at sight of Alexis, and then the two walk a little further off, quite out of ear-shot, to the aggravation of Jane's fellow-servants, whose curiosity is by this time raised to the highest pitch.

"I shouldn't wonder if he was some haristocratic arf-brother of 'ers," says cook, who is a devoted student of Reynolds's *Mysteries of London*. "Life is full of family secrets and such like."

"Lor, Sir," says Jane Dimond, when she has recovered the shock of surprise, "I thought you was dead and gone!"

"Did you, Jane? Why?"

"Because I fancied if you was in the land of the livin' you wouldn't have turned a deaf ear to that advertisement."

"What advertisement?"

"The advertisement as Miss Faunthorpe—I beg pardon, Mrs.—"

"Never mind the name, girl. Tell me all about the advertisement."

Jane explains herself in a roundabout way, but in due course Alexis knows all that Jane knows, except his wife's present abode. That the girl refuses to tell even to him.

"She told me to keep it a secret, and I'm not going to tell no one, without her permission," says Jane, resolutely.

This resolve the husband combats, but in vain.

"I'll ars her leaft to tell you, and when I've got her leaf I'll tell you," answers Jane. "Wild horses wouldn't move me from that."

"Telegraph to her then, directly," cries Alexis, taking out a handful of silver. "Come with me to the nearest telegraph office, and I'll write the message for you. You can put in the address yourself."

"No; I won't send her no telegrafts, lest I should get her into trouble with her friends. I'll write to her."

"Inexorable girl! Is she in the country?"

"Yes."

"And the country post is gone ever so long. I shall have to wait twenty-four hours before you can get her answer."

"I can't help that," says Jane, with an inflexible air. "She's trusted me, and I'll do my dooty by her. As you've staid away so long, it can't hurt you to stay a little longer."

"Staid away so long, cruel girl! Don't you know that it was she who left me?"

"Whatever she did, I make no doubt she did it for the best," answers Jane, true to the fair young governess whose largess of lace and ribbon, soiled gloves, darned stockings, and friendly smiles had won her heart years ago.

"See here, Jane," says Alexis, unfolding a five-pound note. "Here's something to buy you a silk gown for Sundays. Now don't you think that you could contrive to tell me the address at once? You know my wife wishes to see me. The advertisement says that."

"No, it don't," answers Jane, taking a tiny slip of paper out of her shabby old *porte-monnaie*. "The advertisement says nothing of the kind."

She reads as follows:

> "S. S. to A. S.—You are not forgotten. In all I do I am faithful to you and your interests. I look forward to our reunion. Wait and hope, as I do. Write and tell me where you are, and what you are doing. Address S. S., Post-office, Hale Street, Pimlico."

"There, you see!" exclaims Jane, triumphant. "There's not a word about wanting to see you. She only wants to hear from you."

"Heartless woman!" mutters Alexis. "Yet

I'm glad she was just a little anxious to know my fate. I'll go to a coffee-house, and write to her, and bring the letter to you to post. There's the silk gown for you all the same, Jane, to show that I bear no malice."

"Oh, Sir!" cries the house-maid, overcome by this generosity. "I couldn't think—"

"You needn't think about it. You've only to take the money and buy your gown. I'll go and write my letter."

He goes to the nearest coffee-house and writes to Sibyl. There is a touch of bitterness in the composition, though his wounded heart is full of love for her all the time. Neither exile nor the sense of her unkindness has been strong enough to exclude her from his heart. He may pretend to himself and to his friend Dick Plowden that he has ceased to love his wife, that he seeks his child alone; but the mere fact that she has sought to obtain tidings of him is enough to melt his heart, to change pride and anger to love and pardon.

"Whatever the exalted sphere in which you now move," he writes, "you may be glad to know that your desertion has not quite been the death of me. I have contrived to live, somehow, though indignation against your cruelty has lacerated my heart, and love for the wife who deserted me has proved an incurable disease. I have not starved or been driven to hang myself, and I have come back from the other side of the world because I have a foolish hankering to know the fate of the woman who swore at the altar to love, honor, and obey me, and kept her vow by abandoning me in my darkest hour of need. Where are you, Sibyl? and with whom? What has been your reward for deserting me? Has your scheme of life been a wise one? Have your hopes prospered?

"Write and answer all these questions freely and fully if you recognize the tie which, in the sight of God and man, makes us two one. Tell me about our child, the infant I have never seen, yet whose baby face has haunted my dreams. You have given your babe to the care of strangers, perhaps, but I conclude you have watched over its welfare.

"Tell me further if there are in your life—prosperous as it may be—some few weaker moments when your heart yearns for reunion with the husband you once loved? But no, love, I will show you an easier way. Do not stop to answer one of these questions.

"Write, Sibyl, from your heart to mine; tell me in three words to come to you, and I will come. I will come, dear, and all the past, all that you have made me suffer, shall be forgotten and forgiven in the rapture of our reunion. Yours forever, if you will have it so,—ALEXIS."

He is swayed to and fro by diverse passions as he writes this letter, now all bitterness, now fond, unreasoning love. He has not the courage to read over his effusion, but seals and addresses it hastily, and hurries back to Lowther Street. There is no difficulty about admittance this time. Jane Dimond opens the door, receives the letter, and promises to post it that evening.

It is too late for any of the provincial mails, but it is something to be assured that there shall be no needless delay.

"I shall call for the answer the day after to-morrow, in the evening. You ought to have it by that time," says Alexis, and it seems to him that the interval will be an unendurable space of time.

He thinks about that advertisement as he goes back to Brompton Road. Sibyl must have cared for him a little, despite her heartless abandonment of him, or she would not have felt this anxiety to be informed of his fate. She would not have committed herself by an act likely to entangle her fate with his. Once having released herself from him she would have held herself altogether aloof—she would have stretched no friendly hand across the gulf, if she had not loved him. Her heart was still his, he told himself, when she made that appeal to him. Whatever her scheme of life—whatever game she was playing—her heart was true to him.

Comforted by this assurance, he was inclined to be wondrously indulgent, to forgive much, did she but prove herself worthy to be forgiven.

He tries to occupy himself with hard-headed business during that weary interval in which he waits for Sibyl's reply. He goes down to Messrs. Keel and Skrew, and enters upon the discussion of certain extensions and improvements in the Australian branch of the business which his experience of the colony has suggested to him. He is well received, and his views approved by Mr. Keel, the senior partner—a gentleman with large ideas, a palatial villa on Clapham Common, vineries, pineries, succession houses, and a stable which is a perennial source of profit to the horse-dealers and the veterinary surgeon, and a well-spring of heart-burning and annoyance to its proprietor. Mr. Keel is a gentleman who talks of thousands as meaner people talk of sixpences, and is rumored to have started in life thirty years ago as a stevedore, and to have founded his fortune upon the ill-gotten gains supposed to be inseparable from that function.

Mr. Keel is pleased with Mr. Secretan's suggestions.

"You're about the only fellow I ever sent out who seems to understand the Australian trade," he says, approvingly, "and I shall push you, young man; mark my words, I shall push you."

Cheered by this assurance, Alexis thinks what a nice thing it will be for him to go back to Sydney with his wife and child for his companions, if Sibyl will but show herself true metal after all, and if his child lives. Two formidable ifs.

He builds a delightful castle in the air, and looks so well, fed upon this nutriment of hope, that Sampson Plowden scrutinizes him with a serio-comic expression when he returns to the outer office after his interview with Mr. Keel.

"Why, I thought you came home on sick-leave, youngster," says the kindly clerk. "By Jupiter, I never saw any one looking better!"

"All the effect of the voyage, Mr. Plowden, I assure you. I was a shadow when I went on board at Sydney."

The second day after Mr. Secretan's interview with Jane Dimond has come, and in the evening Alexis knocks at the familiar door in Lowther Street, with a heart that seems to beat louder than the knocker.

Jane Dimond appears promptly, and, divining his impatience, gives him the expected letter without a word. He wrings her hand in speechless gratitude, as if the letter were a boon from her; bids her a brief good-night, and goes away with his prize. He would rather read the letter in the street, unwatched, than open it in Mrs. Hazleton's hall, under the house-maid's friendly eyes.

Yes, it is from Sibyl, in the hand he knows so well. The last letter he received from her was that cruel renunciation, that most heartless farewell—the loosening, nay, the severing, of every link between them. She writes to him again. There is communion between them once more. The thought thrills him.

She begins well at all events.

"DEAREST—DEAREST—DEAREST!"

There is love's foolish rapture in a gush of pen and ink.

"Thank God for your dear letter, though it is not altogether kind! Still it promises forgiveness for my wrong-doing, and that is much. Thank God for the knowledge that you are living and well! My heart grew very heavy when that advertisement remained unanswered.

"You ask me if my scheme of life has realized what I counted upon, if my hopes have prospered. I can say yes to both those questions. I am on the road to high fortune—fortune which you and I will share in happy days to come if you are as true to me as I am to you, though seeming estranged. In a very little while, dear, my most anxious hopes will be realized. The realization is so near that it would be worse than folly to sacrifice those hopes now, as I must sacrifice them if I were to obey you, and say come to me.

"I long to see you; my heart aches, my soul sickens at the thought that we must wait for the hour of reunion. I am not so weak a slave to impulse as to abandon my prize just as it is almost won. We must wait, dearest. I ask from you patience and trust. I give you my daily prayers, my nightly dreams. There is no wrong-doing in my scheme of life. I injure no one, least of all do I wrong you. I only forego the happiness of sharing your life for a little while in order to make it brighter afterward.

"Write to me, dear husband, from time to time, and let me write to you, but let our correspondence pass through the hands of that good girl, Jane Dimond. I know your impulsive nature, and I can not trust you with my address, for fear you should come here and destroy all my plans. I am known in my present circle only as Miss Faunthorpe. All my hopes would be shipwrecked if I stood confessed as Mrs. Secretan. Yet, believe me, there is no shadow of wrong to you in this concealment. It is for our mutual welfare. You ask me about our child, Alexis. Our child, our son, is safe and well. I dare tell you no more than that.

"Ever, through all changes and dangers, your true and loving wife, SIBYL."

"Is she mad?" Alexis asks himself, indignantly, after reading this letter. "Does she think I am to be put off with loving words and assurances of constancy? Does she suppose that she can keep me at a distance by concealing her address and writing to me under cover to a house-maid? Wherever she may have hidden herself, my business shall be to find her, and my first visit shall be to Redcastle. I'll go straight to her uncle, the doctor, and unearth this mystery."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	31.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Monday,	1.—All-Saints.
Sunday,	7.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	14.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	28.—First Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	30.—St. Andrew.

THE Baptist State Association of Minnesota is resolved to apply the principles of Christianity to the practical business of life. Noticing that the State was charged with repudiating certain of its bonds, it made the following seasonable deliverance:

> "*Whereas,* The public prints at home and abroad are frequently calling attention to the indebtedness of the State of Minnesota on account of bonds commonly called 'railroad State bonds,' and charges have been made injurious to the character of the State for honesty and justice, because she has failed to pay interest upon said bonds according to contract;
>
> "*Resolved,* That a committee of ten be appointed to report to the next meeting of this Convention whether the charge so made upon the credit and good name of the State of Minnesota has any just foundation, and if so, what duty rests upon us, as Christian members of the State, to arouse the public mind and conscience to the necessity of removing the stain of repudiation."

If the Christian conventions in all the repudiating States were to speak out in such plain language as this, there would be a most refreshing revival of public honesty.

The trial of the church case with which the name of Mr. GEORGE H. STUART, of Philadelphia, has been so long connected is now finished by the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania. The point in issue was the right of members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church to sing hymns (as distinguished from psalms), and to commune with Christians of other Churches. Mr. STUART had done both, and had been arraigned accordingly. The congregation to which he belonged—the Fifth Reformed, of Philadelphia—sided with him, and the suit was brought by the General Synod to eject it from the possession of its property. The decision of the court was read by Judge GORDON, and sustains Mr. STUART and his friends fully.

Mr. MOODY has hesitated between Brooklyn and Philadelphia as the place for beginning his labors. He decided at one time for Philadelphia, but has been induced to alter his decision. It is now announced that the first services will be held in the Brooklyn Rink October 24.

There is universal complaint of a falling off in the receipts of the missionary societies, both foreign and domestic. The American Board reported at the close of its fiscal year a deficiency of more than $40,000. The Foreign Mission Board of the (Dutch) Reformed Church has in five months received only $10,000. The estimates for the year are $57,000 for the support of missions and for home expenses, and $13,000 on the debt which has accrued during the past two years. The receipts in six months for the missionary work of the American Baptist Publication Society fall short of the expenditures $10,000. The Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society is carrying a large debt. No facts show better than these the financial pressure of the present time.

The city of Baltimore loses by the retirement of the Rev. Dr. BACKUS one of the ornaments of its pulpit. Dr. BACKUS had been for nearly forty years the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that city. A man of unusual modesty, singleness of purpose, and piety, he has endeared himself greatly to his congregation and the citizens of Baltimore.

The Emperor of Brazil has announced to the Imperial Parliament that harmony has been restored between his government and the Holy See.

The Rev. GEORGE F. PENTECOST has notified the Warren Avenue Baptist Society, Boston, of which he has been some time pastor, that he has accepted a call to Brooklyn. He has been asked to reconsider his resignation of the Warren Avenue pastorate.

The Tabernacle Lay College has, under the care of the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and his associates, developed into a well-organized institution. Its lectures are given in the evenings. The course of instruction extends to two years. No qualification for admission is required beyond that of religious character. There are five professors, who, besides giving Biblical instruction, train their students in reading, speaking, and English composition. The aim of the college is well expressed in the following sentence of its annual announcement: "The college exists for the laity, and proposes to call them from the background, into which they were rudely pushed about the middle of the third century, and consecrate their trained gifts to the evangelization of the world; for the work was committed by our Lord to the Church, and not to any one order of men." Hitherto it has been numerously attended.

October will be remembered as a month of religious festivities in the contiguous cities of Alleghany and Pittsburg. On the 14th the semi-centennial of the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Alleghany was celebrated. Addresses on topics relating to theological culture were delivered by the Rev. Drs. M'CLAN, DALES, BROWN, and others. On the 26th the Biennial Conference of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States will be held in Pittsburg, in the First Presbyterian Church. It will continue three days.

Before the adjournment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose meeting at Chicago has been noticed in this Intelligence, an effort was made to relieve the treasury of debt. As much as $30,000 was raised. The meeting of the Women's Board was also held at the same time and place. Its receipts for the year were reported to be $51,000.

In their pastoral address the Irish Catholic archbishops and bishops assembled in Synod at Maynooth express a determination to wage war against the national or mixed system of education. They avow the purpose of building up the Catholic University as the antagonist of Trinity College, Dublin, and also "to establish a training school for masters, under the protection of St. PATRICK, and under the immediate control of the Vincentian fathers." They are determined that, if possible, their people shall have nothing to do with the national schools, in which Catholics and Protestants are educated together.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South furnishes one of the most remarkable examples of rapid recuperation known to modern times. Since the close of the civil war it has doubled the number of its members, having now 712,765 communicants, and 3224 itinerant and 5356 local ministers. Its increase in the past year was 36,165.

The Rev. J. H. HOBART BROWN, D.D., has replied to the announcement of his election to the bishopric of Fond du Lac in these words: "When the Church, by her constituted authorities, shall have made known her mind in the matter, I will be better able than I am now to determine my personal duty to your diocese."

Much excitement has been created in this State by the discovery of an act passed by the Legislature last May giving the Roman Catholic Sisterhood of Gray Nuns authority to issue diplomas or certificates to their graduates, which may be filed with the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The Superintendent may "thereupon, in his discretion, issue a certificate to the effect that such graduate is a qualified teacher of the common schools of the State." This act, therefore, exempts the teachers of the sisterhood from examination by the State school authorities. It is an outrage which will not only be resented, but will increase the distrust, already great, of the fairness and honor of the Roman Catholic Church. That its repeal will be demanded by public opinion is unquestionable.

The fifth annual report of St. Joseph's Missionary Society of the Sacred Heart, at Mill Hill, near London, has been published. The college under its care is principally devoted to the preparation of priests for labor among the negroes of our Southern States. It was founded in 1866, and now numbers thirty students. The first priest sent to the Southern States started in the year 1871. At present there are three in Baltimore, two in Louisville, three in Charleston, South Carolina, and two at Marlborough, near Washington. The college has as yet no endowment.

The cable announces that Cardinal M'CLOSKEY has left Rome for the United States. During his stay in the Eternal City he was the recipient of all possible attentions. He was appointed a member of four of the "congregations" which are charged with the administration of the affairs of the Church.

Measures have been taken to remove the place of the meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church from St. Louis to Baltimore. The Conference assembles on the 1st of May, 1876.

A "mission" was held in the St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, from October 10 to 19. It was warmly commended by Bishop LITTLEJOHN. The term "mission" in the sense of an evangelistic service is of Roman Catholic origin, but was adopted, a little more than a year ago, by the clergy of the Established Church in London, with the hearty approval of their archbishop.

At the recent meeting of the Pictou Presbytery, Nova Scotia, a communication was received from one hundred and twenty-five French people stating that they had renounced the Roman Catholic and embraced the Protestant faith, and asking admission to the Presbyterian Church. They are said to have been led to this renunciation by one of the disciples of Father CHINIQUY.

The cable reports that the Spanish government is preparing a reply to the demands of the papal nuncio, Monsignor SIMEONI. The text of the nuncio's circular must have made Spanish liberals very indignant. The following passage is a specimen of the whole: "The Holy See further insists that by clause 2 of the Concordat 'all instruction in public or private schools shall be in conformity with the Catholic faith, and the bishop is charged with watching over the purity of faith and morals in schools.' Lastly, clause 3 of the Concordat promises the bishops 'the help of the secular power every time that they shall have either to oppose the malignity of men who try to pervert the souls and corrupt the morals of the faithful, or to stop the printing, introduction, and circulation of bad and perverted books.'" How, asks the circular, if tolerance become law, are the bishops to watch over the young and superintend the press?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE rudeness of Dr. Parr to ladies was sometimes extreme. To a lady who had ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterward apologized for herself by saying that it was the privilege of women to talk nonsense, "No, madam," he replied, "it is not their privilege, but their infirmity: ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle!"

In the course of a conversation or disquisition on Satan, Archbishop Whately once startled his listeners by asking, "If the devil lost his tail, where should he go to find a new one?" and without giving much time for reflection, replied, "To a gin palace, for bad spirits are retailed there."

The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels, replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

NICE DISTINCTION.—"I sells peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a candy shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want comfits, you must come week-days. They're secular commodities."

A TOPER'S SOLILOQUY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason too's the same—
Both comes of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt them and me—
I falls more harder and more frequently.

A wee bit of a boy, having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa'd get annuzzer housekeeper—I've got tired o' seein' you round."

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier; "in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think?—it took my leg off!"

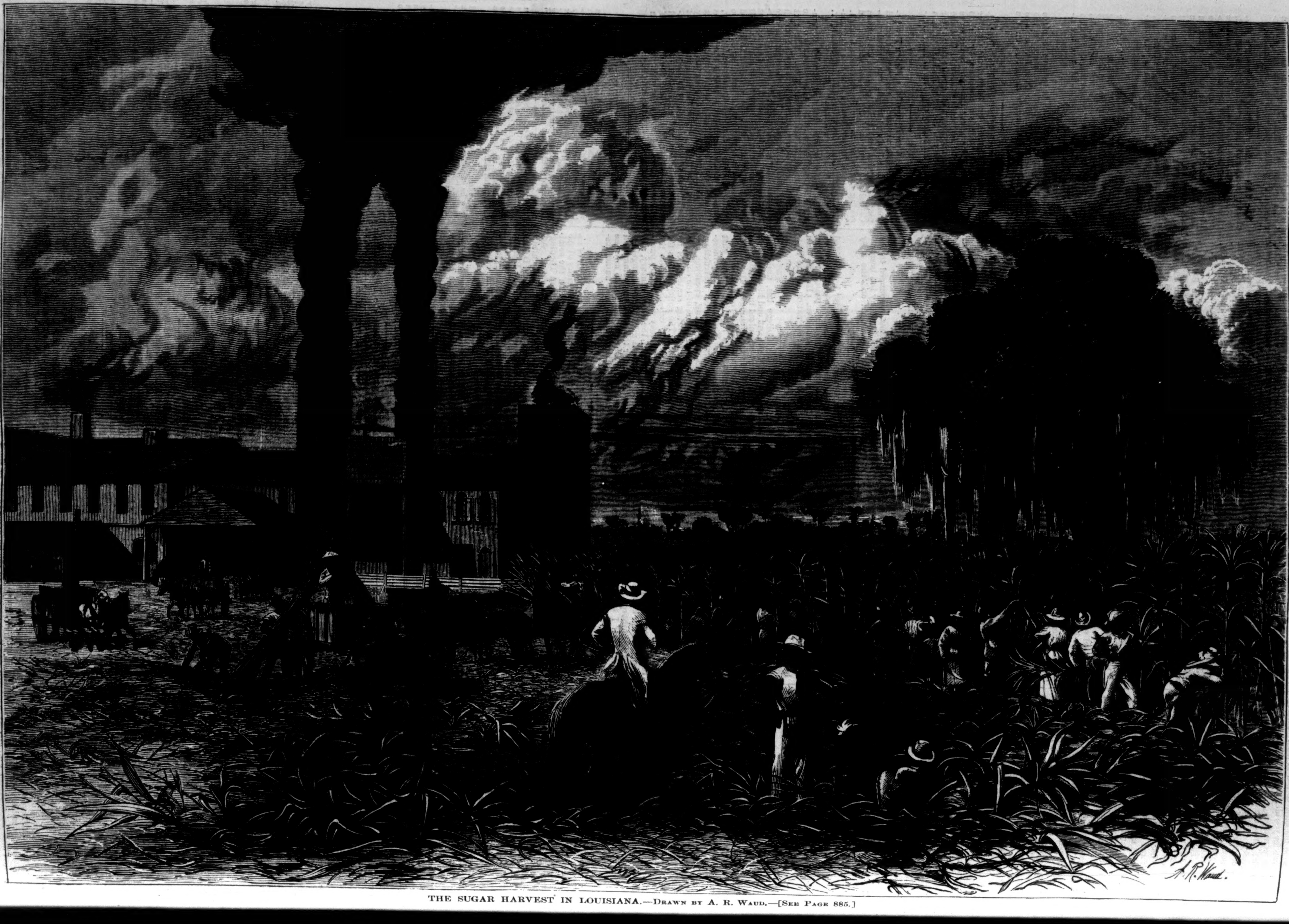
"Oh, grandma," cried a mischievous little urchin, "I cheated the hens so nicely just now! I threw them your gold beads, and they thought they were corn, and they ate them up as fast as they could."

A married philosopher, whose views respecting nursery management, fashions, domestic economy, and minor morals have long experienced a steady opposition, describes the reflective and analytical intellect as "that divine faculty of reason which distinguishes man from woman."

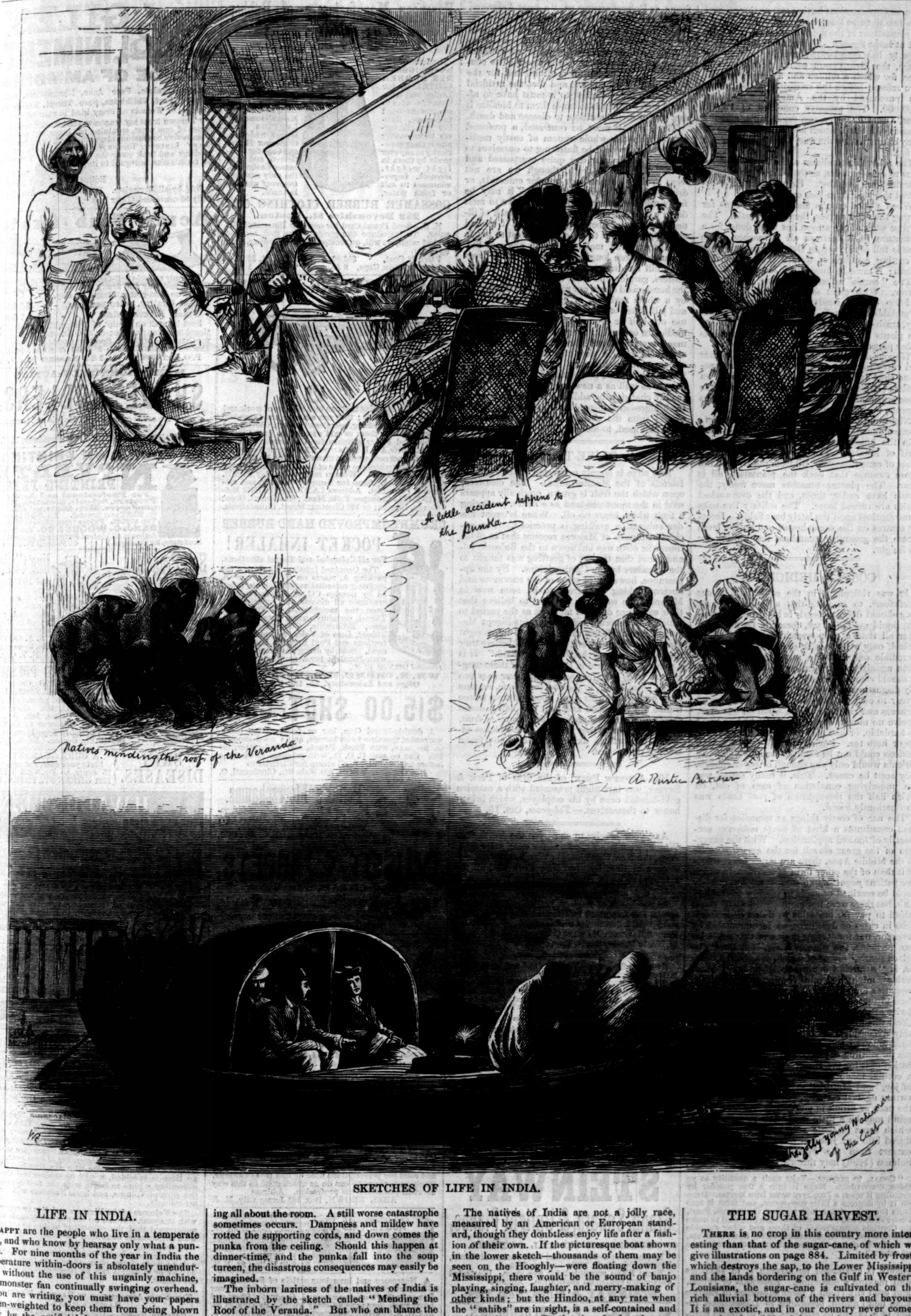
An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was accosted by the reviewing general: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plase yer honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a gineral officer."

Some one says that the music of the Chinese is deliciously horrible—"like cats trying to sing bass with sore throats."

To ascertain if your gun is loaded, put your foot on the hammer and blow in the muzzle, letting the hammer slip from under the foot and descend with smart force on the nipple. If the gun is loaded, you will be notified of the fact.



THE SUGAR HARVEST IN LOUISIANA.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 885.]


A little accident happens to the punka
Natives minding the roof of the Veranda
A Rustic Butcher
The jolly young Watermen of the East
VR

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN INDIA.

LIFE IN INDIA.

HAPPY are the people who live in a temperate zone, and who know by hearsay only what a punka is. For nine months of the year in India the temperature within-doors is absolutely unendurable without the use of this ungainly machine, this monster fan continually swinging overhead. If you are writing, you must have your papers leaden-weighted to keep them from being blown away by the artificial breeze. Sometimes the lazy punka puller falls asleep, and, absorbed in your occupation, you may not observe that the motion of the big fan has ceased until you find yourself bathed with perspiration. Then the fellow may suddenly wake up, jerk the string with redoubled vigor, and send your loose papers flying all about the room. A still worse catastrophe sometimes occurs. Dampness and mildew have rotted the supporting cords, and down comes the punka from the ceiling. Should this happen at dinner-time, and the punka fall into the soup tureen, the disastrous consequences may easily be imagined.

The inborn laziness of the natives of India is illustrated by the sketch called "Mending the Roof of the Veranda." But who can blame the poor wretches for being lazy in an enervating climate like theirs?

The "Native Butcher" is not in a very large way of business, and his viands are not only hung high to be out of the reach of marauding pariah dogs, but are apt to be "high" in another and quite unpleasant sense.

The natives of India are not a jolly race, measured by an American or European standard, though they doubtless enjoy life after a fashion of their own. If the picturesque boat shown in the lower sketch—thousands of them may be seen on the Hooghly—were floating down the Mississippi, there would be the sound of banjo playing, singing, laughter, and merry-making of other kinds; but the Hindoo, at any rate when the "sahibs" are in sight, is a self-contained and melancholy man. But barring the fact that one is pretty sure to encounter some ugly sights in the shape of dead bodies of Hindoos floating down the surface of the stream, it is very pleasant, after the scorching heat of the day, to take a quiet evening sail on the tranquil river in one of these picturesque boats.

THE SUGAR HARVEST.

THERE is no crop in this country more interesting than that of the sugar-cane, of which we give illustrations on page 884. Limited by frost, which destroys the sap, to the Lower Mississippi and the lands bordering on the Gulf in Western Louisiana, the sugar-cane is cultivated on the rich alluvial bottoms of the rivers and bayous. It is an exotic, and in our country never comes to seed. One-fifth of the crop is required every season to renew the worn-out fields. In Cuba it is perennial, and the entire harvest is carried to the mills.

Previous to the war the cane was a source of great profit to the growers, and a large amount of capital was engaged in it. The sugar mills—

some large plantations having two or three—cost from two to three hundred thousand dollars, and the plantations of the upper and lower coast were held at large figures. The value of this class of property has deteriorated greatly. As an instance, the MILLANDON estate, near New Orleans, for which a million and a quarter in gold were refused before the secession of the South, was purchased by the Ames Company for $300,000. The property consisted of 12,000 acres, a rum distillery, two sugar mills, and the remains of a third, which had shared the fate of many others during the war, namely, destruction by fire.

The miserable condition of the levees is disastrous to cane-growers, as their lands are the first to suffer from overflow. Heavy losses have occurred this year from that cause.

When a good crop is made, and the time for cutting the cane arrives, then all is bustle. The hardest work of the season has to be done, for a premature frost destroys all it reaches. The cane is full of ripe sap in October, and the work of cutting commences toward the end of that month; it must be finished by January.

The "hands" advance in a line, each taking a row. With great dexterity they cut, trim, and lop off the heads of the plants with the formidable cane knife. All this litter—technically, trash—remains on the ground, and protects the plants from frost till the spring, when it is either plowed in or burned off.

Wagons drawn by three mules abreast gather and carry the cane to the mill. Under a capacious shed it is placed upon "the carrier," an endless platform, which conveys it to the rollers; these crush out the sap, and the refuse, known as begasse, is either burned or thrown away.

Night and day the work of crushing goes on; great columns of smoke rise from the chimneys and join the billowy clouds that roll up from the Gulf of Mexico. The beautiful, darkly green fields of cane disappear, till from the river to the dense swamps that back the plantation all is clear. The planter breathes more freely, the hands have easier times, and the overworked mules are turned loose. The solitary live-oaks stand sentinel upon the lately busy fields. Interest centres on the sugar-house, and on the levee where the groaning steamboat lies waiting for its freight.

COSTLY MEDICINES.

IT was ridiculous, in the estimation of our forefathers, to suppose that a great noble or king should dissolve pearls in his drink, or swallow liquid gold, and yet, forsooth, be no better after all than a poor wretch who could afford himself only a little milk or water. Still more incredible was it that a man should submit to some agonizing scarification or actual cautery, or should compel himself to bolt some inexpressibly disgusting mess which his doctor had taken a year to concoct and distill through a score of furnaces and retorts, and yet, when all was over, receive no more benefit than if he had endured no hardship, or had only drunk some cowslip julep or herb tea. Such tame and impotent conclusions could not be received for a moment. If patients would only *pay* enough or *suffer* enough, they *must* be cured. This, it really seems, was the underlying conviction of men of old, on which half the therapeutics of past times was unconsciously based.

The use of costly things as remedies for disease constitutes a kind of *haute médecine* necessarily of limited application. With the exception of the great search for the *aurum potabile* in the Middle Ages, there are much fewer traces of it than of the other form of sacrifice, in which the patient *payait de sa personne.* Every body could be scarified or made to swallow worms and filth, but there were not many patients who could afford to pay for emeralds to tie on their stomachs in cases of dysentery, as recommended by Avenzor, nor for "eight grains of that noble lunar medicine, the wine of silver," nor for "dissolved pearls," either of which, Matthioli assures us, is "sovereign against melancholy." Dioscorides might in vain recommend powdered sapphires for starting eyes, or St. Jerome vaunt their virtues for many other troubles, to the majority of sufferers in their own or any other age. Coral was more within popular reach, and probably a considerable number of believing souls have followed Galen's prescription and tried its use for spitting of blood, and Pliny's recommendation of it for the stone. Avicenna found that a cordial made of it is "singularly productive of joy," and Matthioli says it has "truly occult virtues against epilepsy," whether "hung about the neck or drunk in powders." As the modern mind may be a little puzzled as to the mode in which some of these substances can be introduced into our internal economy, the following extract from the *Family Dictionary* of Dr. Salmon (1696) may throw light on the subject:

> "CORAL, to prepare.—Take such a quantity as ye think convenient. Make it into a fine powder by grinding it upon a Prophyry or an Iron Mortar. Drop on it by degrees a little rose-water, and form it into balls for use. After this manner Crabs-eyes, Pearl, Oister shells, and Precious stones are prepared to make up Cordials compounded of them and other suitable materials for the strengthening of the heart in fevers, or such like violent diseases, and to restore the Decays of nature."

Ebony is swallowed by rasping it in shavings and making a decoction. Emeralds or rubies, and even silk (then a rarer substance in Europe than now) afford, according to Dioscorides, relief in a variety of ailments, but of course nothing could be so generally, and indeed universally, useful as gold. He who could discover how to make men actually drink the most costly of metals, would teach them nothing less than the secret of immortality. The aurum potabile, or noble "Solar Oyl," especially when mixed with the "Lunar Oyl" of silver, and Mercurial Oyl, forms, as Bolnest assures us, "a great Arcanum, fit to be used in most diseases, *especially in chronick.*" By itself alone, indeed, the drinkable gold was understood to be an elixir of life—a conclusion not a little remarkable when we consider that the only real value of the metal is its convenience as a circulating medium, and for the fabrication of ornaments, and that the artificial importance thus attached to it must have so affected men's minds as to cause them to idealize it as a sort of divine antidote to disease and death.

There was, it must be confessed, a profound *vulgarity* in this whole system of costly medicine, which it would be flattering to ourselves to think we had in our day quite overpassed and discarded. But in truth, though we are not wont to dissolve pearls or powder emeralds, or drink solar, or even lunar "oyl," it may be fairly asked whether we do not contrive to melt down a handful of dollars in every attack of illness, to very little better purpose than if we had simply given them to an old alchemist to put in his furnace and make for us an elixir of life. What are those long rows of items in our druggist's bill for draughts, embrocations, liniments, blisters, gargles, and what not, represented, when the house-maid clears our room for convalescence, by a whole regiment of quarter-emptied phials and pill-boxes on our table? Did any body ever use one-half or even one-third of the expensive medicines ordered in every illness from the pharmacy day after day? Or did any body ever find a medical man, in view of a patient's straitened circumstances, telling his anxious friends that the remains of the last bottle of his physic would answer as well as a new one, or that they might readily change it by adding a few drops of some fresh ingredient, instead of ordering another six ounces from the chemist, to be set aside in its turn, half used, to-morrow?

OLIVE-TREES.

THE olive is largely cultivated in the Balearic Islands of the Mediterranean. The olea-tree, upon which the fruit is grown, originally appears wild in the mountain-land as a shrub, producing a fruit which bears no oil. When brought under cultivation grafting is practiced. The ancient historians of Majorca recount that in olden times the olive was unknown to the Balearic Islands, and that the art of grafting was taught to the islanders by the Carthaginians. By the appearance, however, of some of the enormous and ancient-looking olive-trees to be seen now in Majorca, one would be tempted to believe that their existence dates as far back as the period to which the historian refers. An intelligent Majorcan farmer, being asked how old he thought some of these trees were, replied, "I believe they may well date from the time of the flood." It is a remarkable feature in the growth of these magnificent trees that one seldom or never sees two alike. Almost all, in the course of time, assume most grotesque forms; and upon old trees whose trunks are rent open and torn into half a dozen shreds is often to be seen the finest crop of fruit, while in Majorca they have in some places attained proportions akin to those of the forest trees of the tropics.

MR. ANDREW PECK, of the firm of Peck & Snyder, was last night presented with a massive gold-headed cane by his employés, which brings honor to themselves.—*Telegram*, Oct. 15.

ASK your jeweler to show you the North Star Watch, stem-winder, coin silver case, price $15. Also, the New Combination Watch, showing difference in time between New York and all the principal cities of America.—[*Com.*]

To purchasers of Engines, Boilers, and Machinery, special and important information may be obtained, and special inducements will be offered, by addressing TODD & RAFFERTY MACHINE COMPANY, Paterson, N. J.; or, No. 10 Barclay St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

NEW AND STRANGE.—Travelers and residents in malarious districts should inquire about Holman's Fever-and-Ague Pad. *A positive cure without medicine.* Stop drugging with poisons, and try the new plan. Druggists sell it. Send address for full particulars to W. F. KIDDER & Co., 83 John Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

WHY do you suffer with *Corns* and *Bunions*, when DALLEY'S Magical Pain Extractor is a certain cure?—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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1 Ladies' 56-in. Cape, 8 25. " Cap, 1 25.

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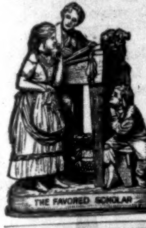

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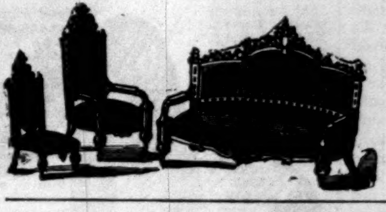

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(From Report of the Proceedings of the Board of Education.)

DETROIT, MICH., CITY HALL, July 12th, 1875.

To the President of the Board of Education:

The Committee on Teachers and course of study, to whom was referred the resolution of Inspector Liggett in reference to the study of the English language in the public schools, have had the same under careful consideration, and beg leave to report as follows:

They find that in our course of study, as at present arranged, English grammar is not introduced until the eighth year, and that previous to this year there is no systematic effort to teach in our schools the art of speaking and writing our language fluently and correctly. This, your committee submit, is a serious fault in the course of study, and especially so in view of the fact that a very large proportion of our pupils leave school before reaching the grade above mentioned, and are therefore deprived of all systematic instruction in this pre-eminently useful branch of elementary instruction.

Many of our best educators urge strong objections against the present cumbrous and intricate methods of teaching this branch of learning, and your committee believe with them that proficiency in it, as usually taught, rarely secures to the student the ability to put an idea of his own into pure and perspicuous English. Your committee believe that elementary text-books not liable to this objection are now attainable, and recommend that such text-books be introduced into the course of study in the fifth grade, to the end that those whose necessities compel them to leave the schools before completing the prescribed course of study may not be deprived of all advantages in this essential and practical part of a common-school education.

JOHN T. LIGGETT,
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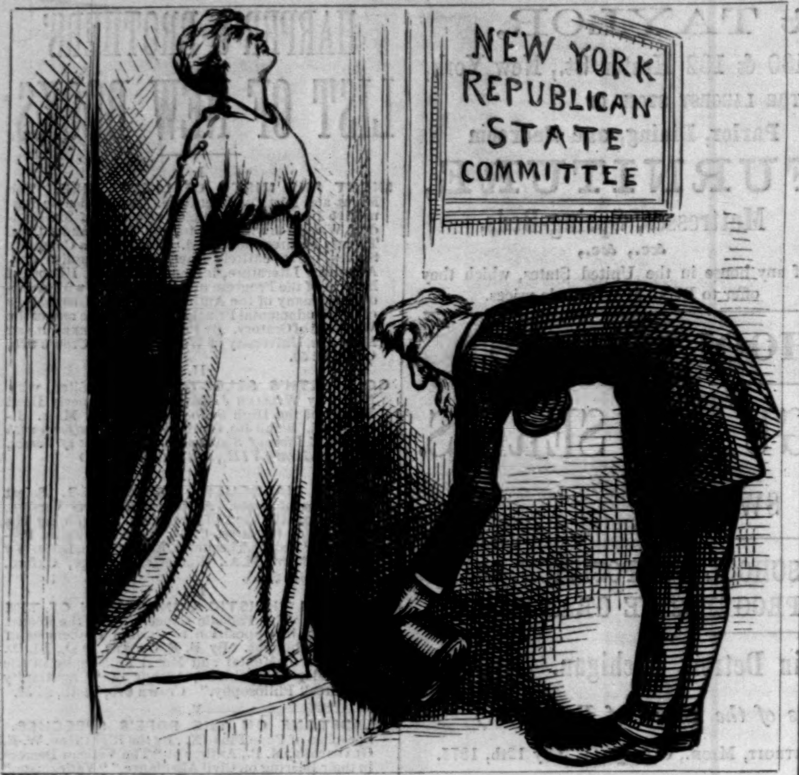
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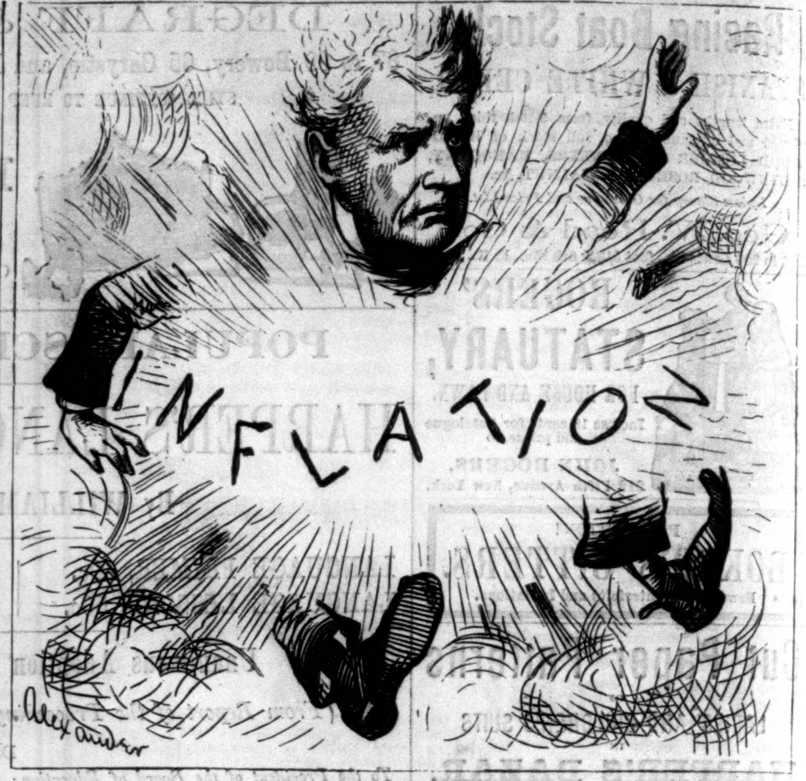

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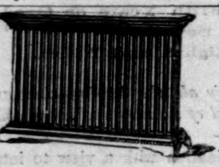

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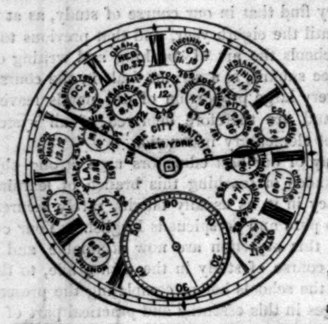

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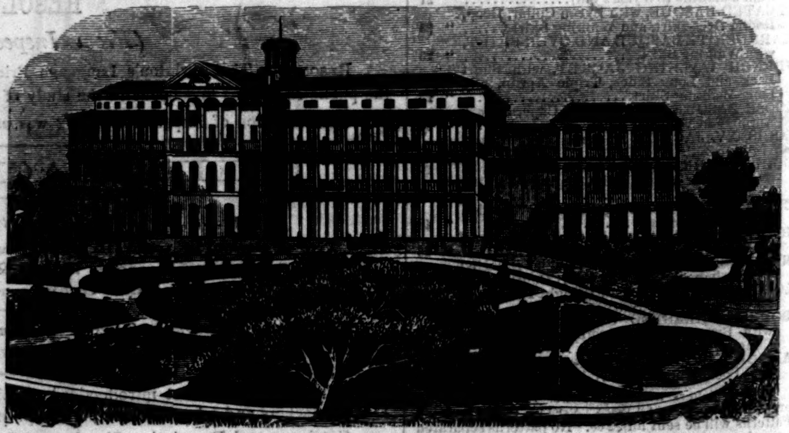

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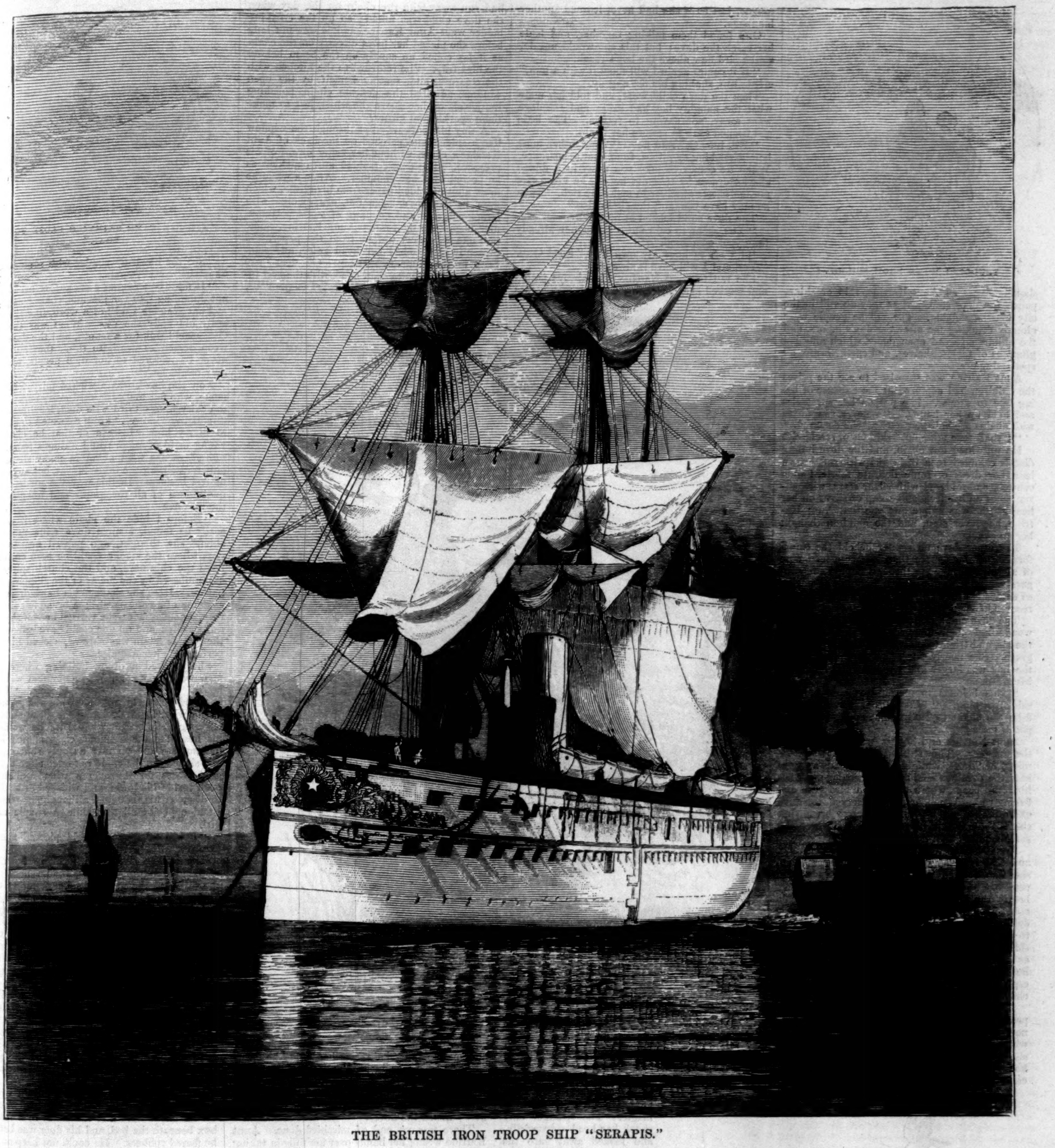

THE BRITISH IRON TROOP SHIP "SERAPIS."

THE "SERAPIS."

THIS is the vessel selected for the accommodation of the Prince of Wales on his voyage to India. She is an iron troop ship of large size, and has been fitted up and furnished in a luxurious manner. On each side of the ship is a suit of apartments for his Royal Highness, comprising sleeping, bath, and dressing rooms, one suit being set apart for the outward and the other for the homeward voyage, so that only the shady or cool side of the ship need be used each passage. The grand saloon itself has been divided into three portions, each being separated by massive curtains. The aftermost part will be used as a reception-room, the intermediate compartment will be used as a drawing-room, and the fore compartment will be converted into a state dining-room, fitted to accommodate sixty-two guests. The whole of the rooms are splendidly decorated, and furnished with couches, chairs, etc., *en suite*. The cabins of the lower deck will be appropriated to the accommodation of the servants of the Prince and his guests. The ship has undergone a thorough overhauling, and has been supplied with new boilers for the voyage.

Outside the *Serapis* has been encompassed by a broad moulding, composed of two rounds and a hollow, the former being painted red and the latter yellow. She is provided with a state barge and a new steam-pinnace for the purposes of the royal excursion. The *Serapis* will be accompanied by the royal yacht *Osborne*, painted white, after the manner of the Indian troop ships.

THE DOVE MAIDEN.*

A CATSKILL FAIRY TALE.

A LITTLE boy and girl were trudging home from school, swinging their luncheon basket between them. The little girl's face was pretty and good-humored; the boy had an ugly habit of frowning and shutting his mouth firmly when any thing did not please him. The sister had only to find the largest slice of buttered bread in the luncheon basket to bring this ugly scowl; and the good school-mistress said that Otto would make neither a kind nor generous man if he did not mend that troublesome temper of his own.

The evening was clear and beautiful. You never saw a country like that through which these children walked, Job. The land was very level, and protected by dikes from the overflow of the sea. The meadows were rich with grass and wild flowers, where large herds of sleek cattle fed; and canals wound in and out among these fields, with barges floating along on their clear waters. If you were not an ignorant boy, Job, you would know at a glance that this country was Holland, where the first Dutch settlers of New York came from, even as Nip's Yankee giant landed on the coast of New England. The boy and girl, Otto and Sophia Snyder by name, had entered the wide meadow which alone separated them from their home.

"Let us rest a while," said Otto, throwing himself on the ground; and Sophia followed his example.

The grass rose like a green sea all about them. Over against the sky was the neat village where they lived, the red-roofed houses shaded by willow-trees. Otto knew Aunt Katrine would expect him to feed the hens and pigs, as well as to drive the cows home; still he sat in the grass.

They talked about the beetles toiling at their feet, the bustling, hurrying ants, and Otto tried to catch a pretty field-mouse that darted past him to hide in the ground.

"If I could find the nest, what fun it would be to take the baby mice!" exclaimed the boy, crawling along on his hands and knees to the spot where the mouse had disappeared.

Three storks were roaming by the water-side, among flags and osiers, in search of frogs.

"Oh, Otto! look up there!" cried Sophia, pointing to the sky.

Otto forgot the hunted mouse in a moment, and sprang to his feet to gaze in the direction indicated by his sister. High up in the air were two doves, with feathers of dazzling whiteness, that soared along unconscious of danger. A large black hawk was winging its swift flight in keen pursuit of the pretty doves. At last the birds seemed to become aware of their peril, for the hawk darted above them, prepared to swoop down on the helpless mates. The children, who had watched their movements with breathless interest, now saw them circle nearer and nearer to the earth in their terror of the cruel enemy in pursuit.

"Dear little birds, I will shelter you," cried Sophia, holding out her apron in her eagerness to save them.

The doves sank into the apron, exhausted with fatigue and fear, and the girl clasped them in her arms. The hawk dashed down until his sharp beak and glittering eyes were close to Sophia's face; and she screamed with terror, but she did not drop the doves.

Now came the ugly frown on Otto's face. He seized a stick, and aimed a blow at the bold hawk.

"The doves belong to us! Let me see you touch them!" he shouted, angrily.

The hawk gave a hoarse shriek of rage and disappointment, then rose slowly in the air, and flew away in search of other game. The children cautiously uncovered the birds to admire them, and Otto held one, while Sophia carried the other. Never were such lovely birds seen. Their plumage was snowy on the wings, and shaded to crimson and emerald green on the breasts. Around each slender neck was fastened a gold chain studded with jewels, which flashed in the sun like a circlet of fire.

The captives were restless to resume their flight after the danger was over; but the children had no idea of losing such charming pets, so they carried them home in spite of their frantic efforts to escape.

The village was as clean as constant scrubbing by the tidy housewives could make it. You

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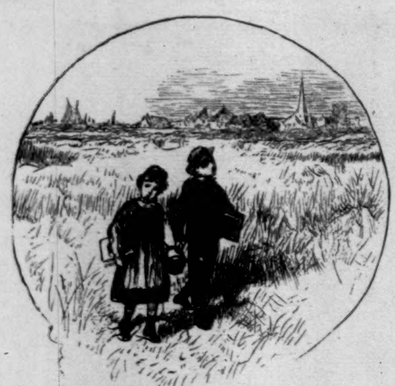
* From *The Catskill Fairies*. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. Published by Harper and Brothers.



TRUDGING HOME FROM SCHOOL.

should have seen Aunt Katrine, rain or shine, polish the door-step, just as they do still in the city of Philadelphia. The village people were already drinking tea after the day's labors, and the children passed open doors which afforded glimpses of tables, shelves, and earthenware, all spotlessly pure.

Aunt Katrine was surprised to see the prizes the children had captured at the expense of being late to supper. She put on her spectacles and held up her hands. "I never saw doves with chains around their necks," she declared.

"I shall take mine off," said Otto, resolutely. He untwined the chain, and the dove immediately changed to a little girl with soft brown hair, her dress of some delicate fabric, like a cobweb, embroidered with silver stars, with silver shoes on her feet, and a cap of silver on her head. She was unlike any one that Aunt Katrine had ever seen, and the children thought her an angel.

The other dove no sooner beheld the transformation of its mate than it gave a loud note of alarm, and slipping through Sophia's fat fingers, soared high in the air. Sophia was staring so earnestly at the stranger child that she did not recover her wits until her pet was out of reach.

The dove child, remaining below, gazed about wonderingly for a moment, then sprang up into the air, and tried to snatch the chain from Otto's grasp. She nearly succeeded in doing so, but the boy was larger and stronger, and held it in his grasp.

"This belongs to me, and you do too," he said, frowning. "When I am a man I shall take the chain to Rotterdam, and sell it for a pot of money."

Aunt Katrine and Sophia were very kind to the stranger. They stroked her fair hair and admired her dress, while greedy Otto ran away to hide the precious chain in a particular nook behind the beam, where he kept a bird trap and fishing rod. When supper was served, the dove child pecked daintily at the coarse bread, but she could not talk beyond making little cooing sounds quite like a dove.

Aunt Katrine took off her star-spangled robe, and laid it away carefully for holidays; then she was dressed just like Sophia in a woolen petticoat and apron, yet she seemed a princess beside the honest little peasant lass; and you could have made nothing else of her, she was so delicate and pretty. The children both learned to love her after their own fashion. Otto considered that he owned her, and he scolded her as he did Sophia when she displeased him; yet he would not allow others to be rude to her, especially in the school, where all the village children met together.

A long time passed, and the dove child appeared to have grown quite contented with her new life. She never tried to find the chain which Otto had concealed so cleverly. One day she paused in the meadow, and the other dove hovered down to alight on her hand. She received it with delight, cooing over it in her own tongue, just as if she had never learned another language.

Otto found them talking together, and bade her catch the dove; but this she would not do, so the bird flew above the boy's reach.

"If it comes again I will shoot it with a gun," cried Otto, shaking his fist angrily.

Then the dove child wept, and told her mate what the naughty boy had said; and the dove went away, not daring to return. The little girl begged Otto to restore her chain.

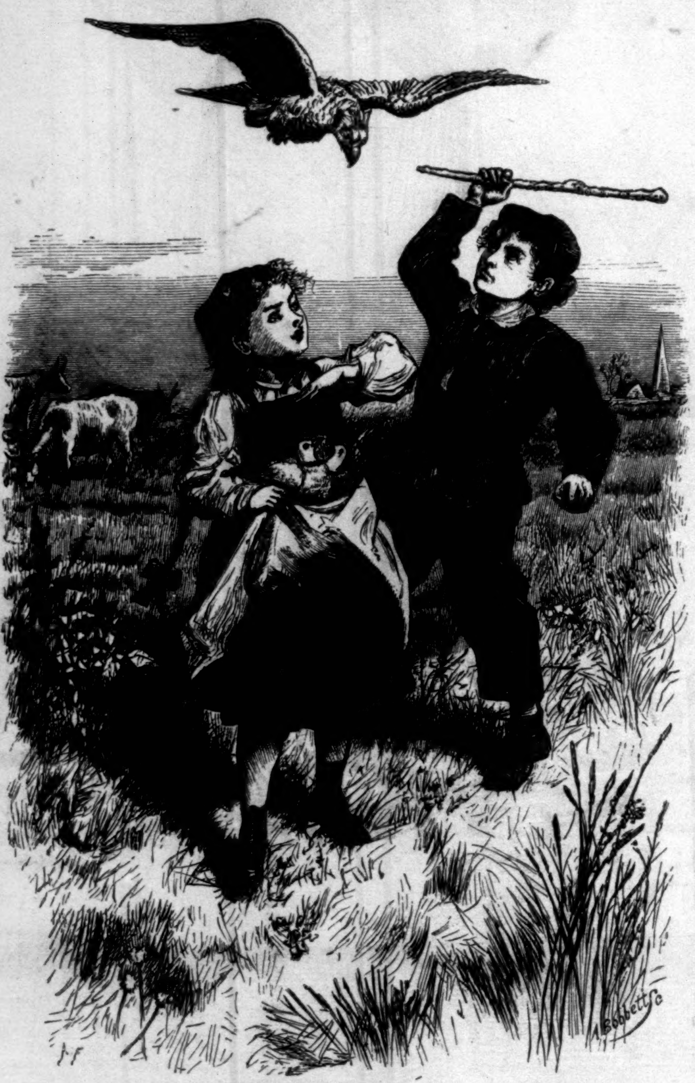
"No, indeed," said he. "Your father must be a great king or prince, from your appearance. When he comes to take you away in a gilded chariot drawn by splendid horses, he must give me ten chests of silver to make me rich. Then he may have you, and the chain also."

The dove child looked at him sadly.

"You seem to care more for money already than your own good."

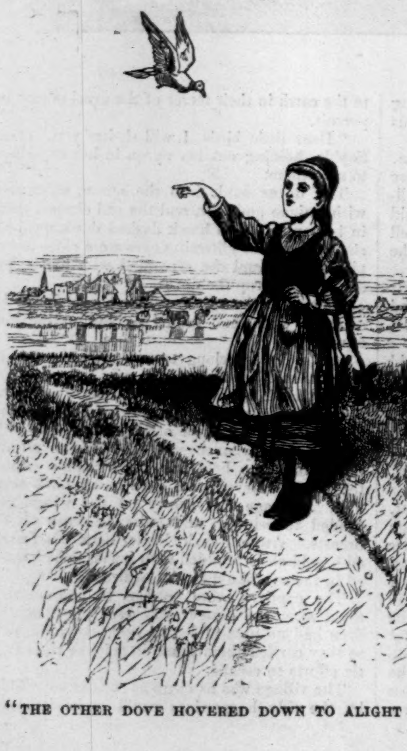
"I wish to have my own way," cried Otto. "Yes, and I will have it always."

She ran to Aunt Katrine, who always petted and soothed her, entreating her with many tears to find the chain which Otto had concealed so long ago.



OTTO DRIVES AWAY THE HAWK.

"What strange enchantment binds you, poor child?" asked the good woman, hoping to hear a story of magic. The stranger only shook her head sorrowfully, and looked away into the clear sky where the other dove had flown. After this she grew discontented and unhappy. Often would she watch for her mate, but the other never dared to appear, for fear Otto's bullet should pierce its tender breast.



"THE OTHER DOVE HOVERED DOWN TO ALIGHT ON HER HAND."

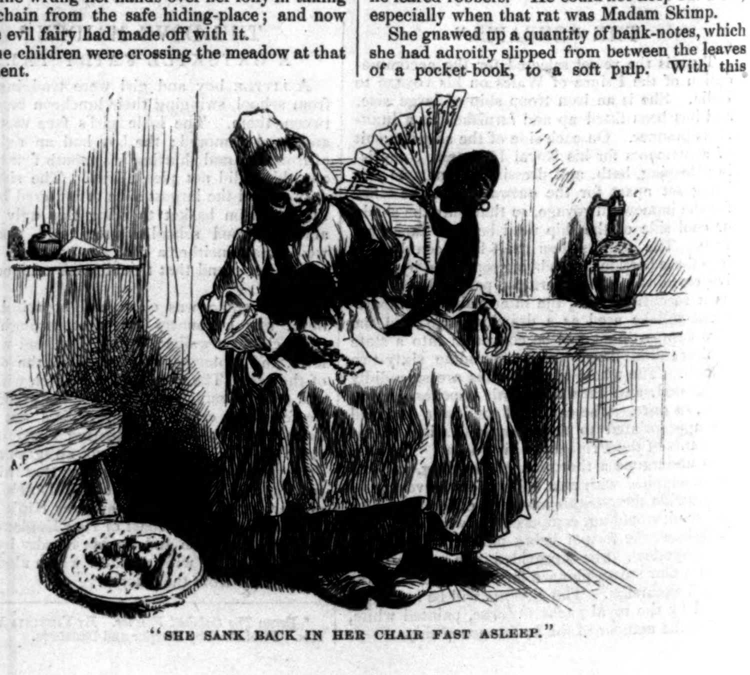
Aunt Katrine decided to find the chain and release the child, whatever the result might be. She was an amiable old lady, and she rather dreaded Otto's ill temper, so she asked him nothing about the matter, because she feared he would only hide the chain somewhere else. Besides, he was already growing to be a tall, stout lad, and would soon become master of the house. Accordingly, she chose an hour when the baking and sweeping were done for the day, the children away at school, and, putting on her spectacles, deliberately began the search.

First she examined the chamber where Otto slept, but there she found nothing besides a few playthings. Then she remembered that the boy came down the ladder from the attic after he had run away with the chain on the day when the dove child was found; so up the creaking ladder went Aunt Katrine, and it was not long before she placed her hand directly on the chain as it lay coiled up snugly on the beam behind the bird trap. She returned to the kitchen with the treasure, and, seating herself by the open window, admired the delicate chain, polishing the jewels on her sleeve the while, just to make them sparkle and glitter.

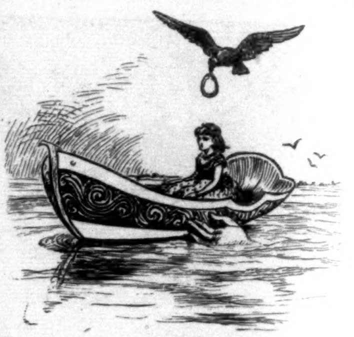
A tiny black dwarf crept through the window like a spider, and perched on the back of Aunt Katrine's chair, without her being aware of his presence. The dwarf nodded and chuckled as he peered over her shoulder. After a while he drew a bit of folded paper from his girdle, which grew in size to a large fan, ornamented with strange figures and smelling of sweet perfume, and began gently to fan Aunt Katrine. The perfume was thus wafted from the paper, and presently she bobbed her head twice, and sank back in the chair fast asleep. Oh dear! she had done more harm than good, with the best intentions. Down hopped the dwarf to the floor, and snatched the chain from her lap. She opened her heavy eyes just as he reached the door, where he took the chain in his mouth; then wings unfolded from his sides, and he flew away in the shape of the large black hawk which had first pursued the doves.

There was no end of mischief done. Aunt Katrine wrung her hands over her folly in taking the chain from the safe hiding-place; and now some evil fairy had made off with it.

The children were crossing the meadow at that moment.



"SHE SANK BACK IN HER CHAIR FAST ASLEEP."



"A HAWK CAME SKIMMING CLOSE TO THE BOAT."

"See the hawk up yonder with something in its mouth," said Sophia.

"It must be a frog or a snake," returned Otto, not dreaming that the precious chain was gone.

Aunt Katrine said not a word, like the cowardly old body she was. What was the use? Otto would sulk for a month, and the dove child weep herself to death to think that she could never be restored to her own people, wherever they might be.

Now the hawk was a wicked fairy, Skimp by name, who felt malice toward every one. When the fairy king's third wife died, leaving him an interesting widower, Skimp expected to be asked to marry him. Instead of that he chose her young maid of honor; and Skimp's temper was soured, so she went about in many shapes, not only tormenting the other fairies, but any chance mortal besides. In this way she made the acquaintance of all the giants and hobgoblins in the universe.

"Before I hide the chain where it can not easily be found, I must do a trifle more mischief," she thought, and paused near a great city, where the smoke could be seen curling up from the chimneys, and the church spires were outnumbered by the masts of the shipping in the harbor. Here she changed her hawk dress to the costume of a country girl; a broad hat shaded a rosy, innocent face; she carried herself shyly and awkwardly; and no one could have believed that the simple lassie was shrewd, wicked Skimp, so perfect was her disguise.

She entered a dingy building where young men were busy counting money and writing in books. She wished to see their master the broker, and soon she was showing the wonderful chain, which she declared she desired to sell. Of course the broker wanted it; he would give his head for the diamond clasp alone; but he did not say so—oh no; he only shut one eye, and sighed that he could not offer more than two gold pieces for it—such a trifle! Skimp had been inside his brain, and whisked around twice to discover his thoughts, although she seemed to stand opposite all the while, a simple country girl.

"I will take twenty gold pieces," she said, firmly.

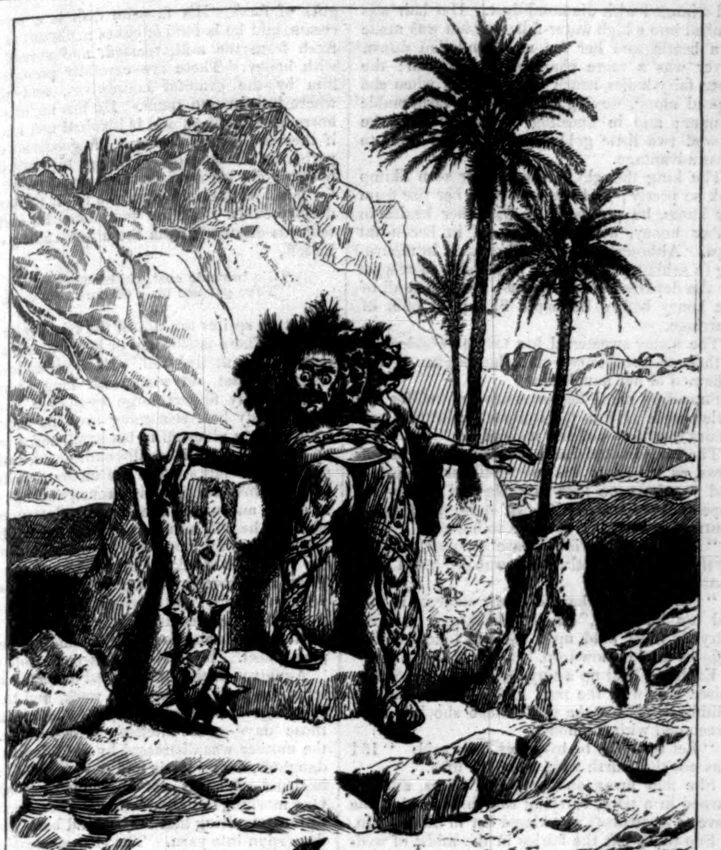
The broker shook his head in horror; he would give four gold pieces, and no more. Then the fairy led the greedy broker a merry dance. Twice she gathered up the chain and went out the door, prepared to leave without completing the bargain, and twice the broker called her back, adding another coin to the pile on the counter. Finally he paid the full sum, pretending to shed tears at his own folly; and all the clerks paused, with quills behind their ears, to cry also, because their great employer did.

Skimp departed with the money, leaving the broker delighted to have obtained the chain so cheaply.

Fairies have no need of real money, so Skimp hid hers by the steps of a cathedral, where a good man found it and distributed the gold to the poor, which the broker would never have done.

That night a large rat, with bright eyes like two beads, crept into the chamber where the broker slept. He had the chain in a stout oak box beneath the bed, and his door was barred, as he feared robbers. He could not keep out a rat, especially when that rat was Madam Skimp.

She gnawed up a quantity of bank-notes, which she had adroitly slipped from between the leaves of a pocket-book, to a soft pulp. With this



"GIANT DRUBB WAS SEATED IN AN IMMENSE ARM-CHAIR."

she rolled two little balls, and popped them into the sleeper's ears, so that he could hear nothing. Then she attacked the box under the bed; gnaw, gnaw, went her sharp teeth until a tiny hole was made, through which she dragged the dove chain, and away she went with it.

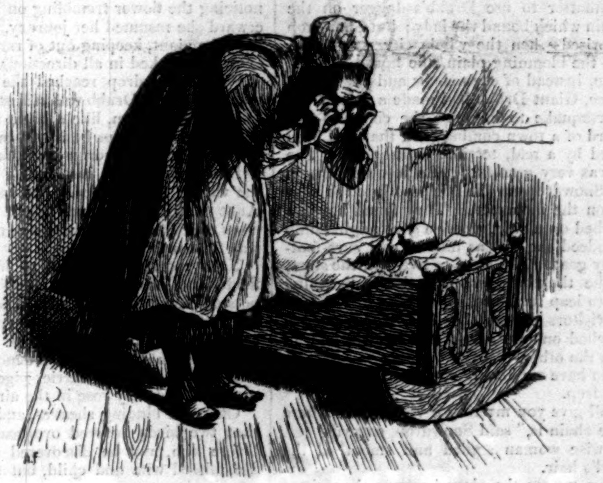
"That was well done," said Skimp, changing into a hawk.

We must now return to Aunt Katrine's house. The children all grew up. Sophia, a blooming maiden of eighteen, married a wealthy mill-owner, and went away.

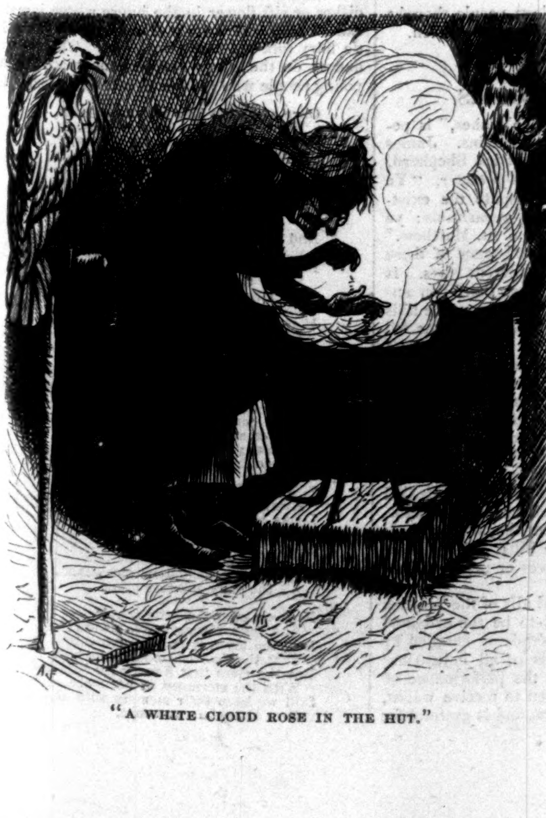
The dove child was tall and fair in appearance. She had long since outgrown the star-spangled robe and tiny shoes she first wore. The dove mate had never returned to visit her.

Otto did not miss the chain from the hiding-place, for soon after Aunt Katrine had lost it the cottage took fire from a smoking chimney, and the whole building was destroyed. Otto carried out the furniture, but he supposed the chain must have been lost in the flames. Aunt Katrine still kept silent, but she was very kind to the dove child, trying to repair the injury she had done her.

"After all, she is better off here in a Christian home," thought poor Aunt Katrine; and then she looked at the spangled dress, wondering where the dove maiden really had lived.

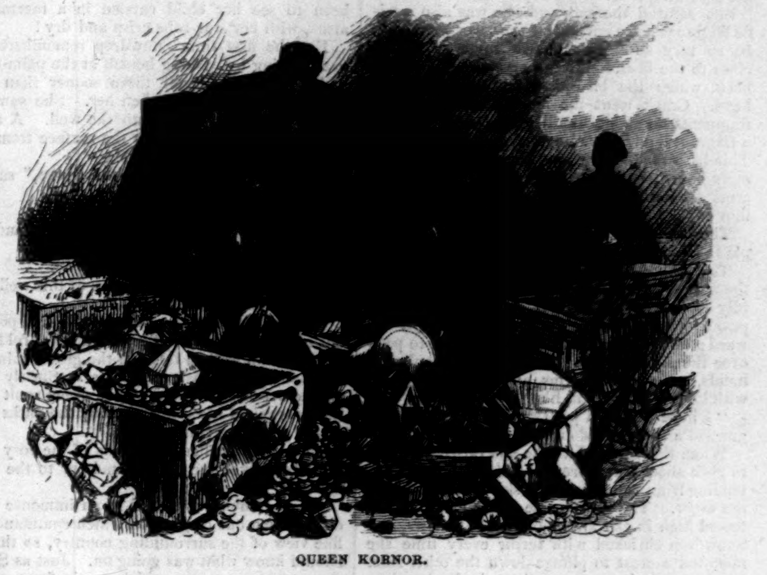


AUNT KATRINE ADMIRES THE BABY.



"A WHITE CLOUD ROSE IN THE HUT."

Otto had grown to be a handsome young man. He was faithful, industrious, and honest, and rebuilt the cottage with his own hands. Still he must always have his own way. He wished to marry the dove maiden. Aunt Katrine thought the girl could not do better: after she died there would be no one left to care for her unless she married Otto. So the dove maiden went into the new cottage as Otto's wife, although she wept many tears that this should be her lot instead of finding her dove companion once more. Aunt Katrine still scrubbed and polished, for in that lay her chief happiness, and the dove maiden was too delicate for such hard work. One fine morning the good aunt put on her spectacles to admire a pretty baby which lay in the cradle, as white as milk, with sapphire eyes. Otto made a good husband enough, and he was proud of his wife and child, but he was surly and ill-tempered if any little matter went wrong, even with them. The dove maiden was now cheerful and happy; she called the child Snowdrop, and they gathered flowers together in the meadow, while Aunt Katrine scrubbed. When the little girl had grown sufficiently large she was dressed in the star-spangled robe, shoes, and silver cap which her mother had worn before her. Aunt Katrine was very much pleased with Snowdrop in this becoming costume. The dove maiden led her to the meadow, where she loved to sit near the spot where she had been captured. The Snyders had never heard a word of her story, but now she decided to tell it to Snowdrop, who listened with bright, intelligent eyes.



QUEEN KORNOR.

"I dreamed about my sister last night," she said. "Perhaps if we wait patiently here she will come and pay us a visit."

"But how will she come?" asked Snowdrop.

"She will fly here with her beautiful white wings, just as I did," returned the dove maiden, with a sigh. "Attend, my child, while I tell you about your grandfather and relatives in the East. The King of Selgrobia is my father. He has a brilliant court thousands of miles away from here, where the palm-trees grow. I have a brother who is a Crown Prince, and will some time be king. My sister and I were the only daughters, and we were twins. We were born with little gold chains about our necks, studded with jewels, and clasped with a diamond button. These were gifts of the fairy king at our birth, and would enable us to become doves whenever we wished to fly away. The Queen, our mother, considered this a very dangerous gift; and, fearing we would avail ourselves of the chance thus granted us, she carefully hid the two chains away in a casket. We were brought up in the palace, yet seldom visited the state apartments. Ah, that was a happy life! We played in rose gardens with our maids, and bathed in marble fountains.

"One day there was a grand reception, in which a Prince of Ethiopia, black as ebony, and wearing a turban of yellow satin wound with chains of pearls, was presented to the King. The Crown Prince, our brother, was present at the ceremony; but we were too young, although our maids ran away to peep through the lattice at the wonderful stranger. Left alone, we rambled into our mother's magnificent apartments, and began to examine every rare, costly article of furniture with childish curiosity. Presently we found a casket in an alcove which contained our chains, and we at once recognized the fairy gifts.

"'Let us go out on the balcony,' urged my sister.

"So we stepped out, disobeying our mother, and tried our wings as doves. We flew into the audience-hall, where the King sat in royal robes, and that was the last time I ever saw him. We sped up into the clear sky, and after a journey of many days reached this place. It is a cold region after my home."

As the mother ceased speaking, the dove sister came darting down to visit them. The dove maiden caressed the bird, shedding warm tears of joy upon its snowy feathers, and even Snowdrop stroked it with her fat little hands.

"I have been to the fairy king," said the dove. "He says that the workman who made the chain is dead, and the art died with him, so we can never have another. The fairy sent this pearl ring to your daughter. No one can take it from her finger, and it will grant her wishes."

The mother and child returned to their humble home, where Otto no sooner beheld the pearl ring than he tried to wrench it off; but the ring held as firmly as steel.

"The value of the pearl would make me a rich man, and I will have it," he scolded.

The dove maiden was afraid he would hurt the child, and secretly made up her mind to send her away in search of her grandfather's kingdom. When Aunt Katrine saw the ring she was much excited, wishing to know where it came from; and little Snowdrop told her that a beautiful dove brought it from the skies. Then the old lady told the dove maiden the truth concerning the disappearance of the dove chain on the day when she had taken it from Otto's hiding-place under the eaves.

"Never let him know," she said, earnestly; and the dove maiden promised.

"I will go and find the chain for you," said Snowdrop to her mother. "Then we can travel to the beautiful country you have told me about."

So the mother kissed Snowdrop; and the little girl, wearing the silver cap and the ring, started forth in search of the dove chain. She tripped along, humming a gay song to herself. She had left her dear mamma and Aunt Katrine looking sadly after her, yet she would soon return.

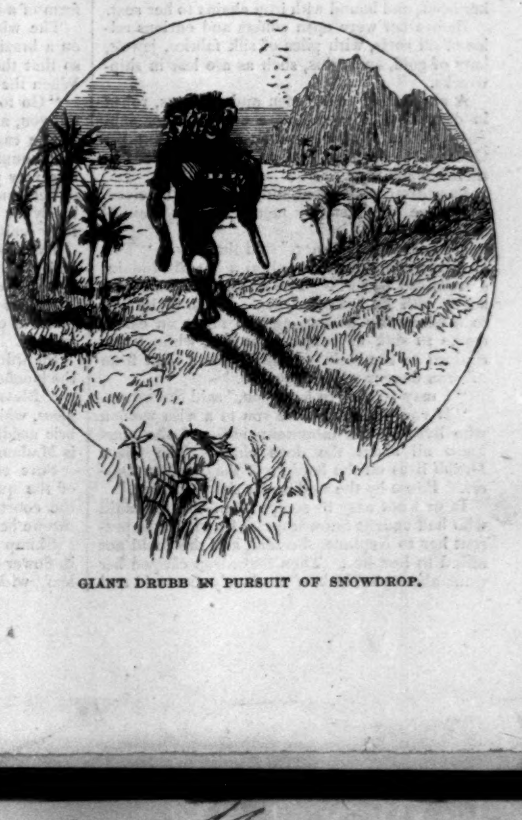
A little robin flew on a twig, and sang, "Don't get into the boat."

"What do you say?" asked the child, puzzled.

Then a toad hopped across the path, and croaked, "Don't get into the boat."

"I do not know what you are talking about," laughed Snowdrop, and found herself on the brink of the canal. Directly before her was a boat, with gilded bows, the inside a soft pink and cream color, like the lining of a conch-shell, and the sail was like fine white silk. Of course the little girl forgot the words croaked by the toad and sung by the robin as warning, and stepped into the boat.

"I will not move the anchor; I can just pre-



GIANT DRUBB IN PURSUIT OF SNOWDROP.